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DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET
The Twin Dilemma – a change of tone for Doctor Who?
Auton 2
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Ken Grieve
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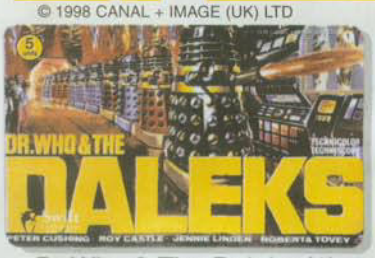

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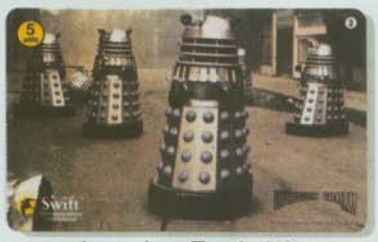

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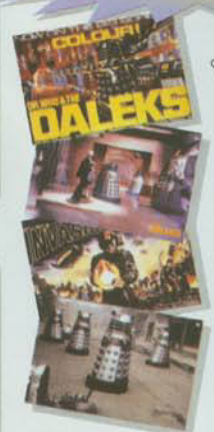

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This issue...

Reasonably frequently, maybe at parties or down the pub, I am asked by complete strangers what I do for a living. When I carefully explain my job description, they always seem to find it killingly funny for some reason – which is a little rich, given that they themselves often have absurd job titles like 'Management Consultant' or 'Head of Sales – Anglia Region'. They take the proverbial for a few minutes, but then I expound at length about how fulfilling the work is and how much fun I get to have, and they eventually explode in a puff of hubris and Hugo Boss.

One question that is always asked before their premature detonation, however, is "But what do you find to put in a magazine about *Doctor Who*? I mean, didn't it stop years ago?" This is, of course, only a twist on a favourite fan enquiry, often posed at conventions: "Aren't you going to run out of things to put in the magazine?"

"Not a problem," is my answer to convention-goer and Consultant alike. In fact, the opposite is true. It's a painful monthly battle to squeeze in all the material we want to include in any given issue once the popular regular features – *The* ***DWM*** *Archive* and *Shelf Life*, to name but two – are assigned their slots. This month, for example, not only have *Timelines* and Jackie J had to take a month's break, but we've had to delay the premiere of the *Enemy of the World* telesnaps – despite the fact that the issue's lead interview was actually commissioned to tie-in with that very unveiling. The reasons for this? Well, it's down to having an embarrassment of riches, really. The magazine now employs a small, fiercely talented group of writers whose work is just too good to edit down to a six-page slot when you know it deserves eight. The photography for our *Auton 2* feature, for example, was to such a high standard that we couldn't countenance reproducing them at postage-stamp size on an article shoe-horned into three pages. Regular watchers of the thinly-veiled catalogue of lies that is the **DWM** 'Next Issue' page will know how much jolly-sounding material is still on file looking for a gap in a pagination to see the light of day. There just aren't enough pages in the magazine for us to do everything we want to do.

As for finding new things to do and new things to say, I hope that most of you would agree that, whatever our faults, the magazine is, at least, never predictable.

Oh, I really liked *The X Files* movie, by the way. (See what I mean?)

Happily, I can now announce that Issue 272, available on 19 November, will be the most lavish edition of **DWM** yet, with 68 full-colour pages of some of the most fabulous, witty, creative and challenging features and interviews ever – along with a very, *very* silly comic strip adventure. You have been warned!

It's an immense relief to have the extra pages to play with. It's a chance to give *Doctor Who*, and its fans, an anniversary celebration they deserve.

We won't let you down. Space permitting.

Gary

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Alan Barnes**
Design **Peri Godbold**

Thanks to **Bill Baggs**, **J Jeremy Bentham**, **Vanessa Bishop**, **Steve Cole**, **Richard Develyn**, **Ken Grieve**, **Barry Letts**, **Richard Molesworth**, **Adrian Rigelsford**, **Martin Wiggins**, **BBV**, **BBC Books** and **BBC Video**.

Congratulations and hearty backslaps to **DWM** contributor **Peter Ware** – not forgetting the lovely **Jo** – on the birth of **Harry Edward**!

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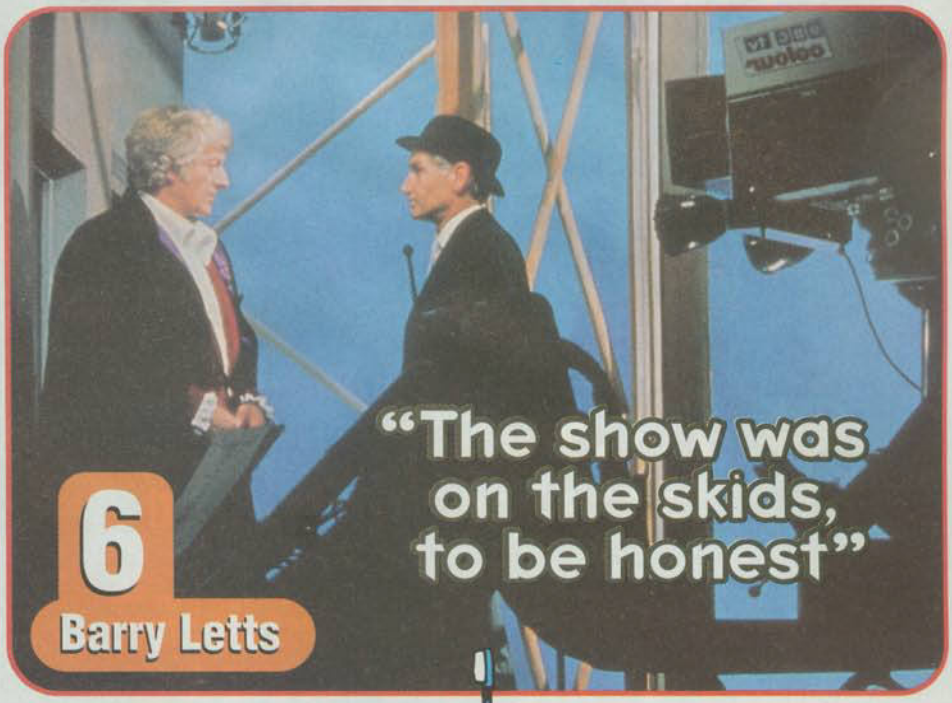

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Gallifrey Guardian

Dicks and Boucher return to the field

Toymaker plays it again for new BBC Book

Terrance Dicks, the *Doctor Who* script editor/writer/noveliser who's become a guru to a whole generation of fans-turned-author, is to return to the BBC Books fray next April.

Featuring the Sixth Doctor and Peri – Terrance's first use of this particular Doctor/companion team – the 'ambiguously historical' *Players* concerns a group of international interlopers of murky, maybe extra-terrestrial origins. In keeping with its setting, it also features a cameo appearance by Winston Churchill!

Meanwhile, as exclusively announced in these pages last month, the promised *Robots of Death* sequel by Fourth Doctor writer Chris Boucher will go out in May under the title *Corpse Marker*. It follows directly on from Boucher's recently-published *Last Man Running* – which, given that that takes place after *The Face of Evil* and *Robots*, means that Boucher has now penned four consecutive Fourth Doctor and Leela tales!

Other 'early Doctors' novels coming in mid-1999 include June's *Storm Harvest*, a third Seventh Doctor and Ace escapade by *Illegal Alien/Matrix* authors Robert Perry and Mike Tucker – this being a spacebound piece set on a water-world named Coralee. Also in the offing, but as yet unscheduled, is Gary Russell's Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa and Tegan-starring *Divided Loyalties* – which sees the return of fondly-remembered Hartnell villain the (Celestial) Toymaker.

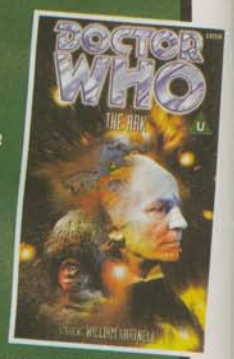
On the Eighth Doctor front, May sees publication of the Scandinavian-set *Dominion*. Expect alien abductions among the fjords and a top secret military project which spells world doom in this series debut by range newcomer Nick Walters.

Release of David J Howe and Stephen James Walker's non-fiction doorstop *The Television Companion* has been slightly delayed due to a production problem; it'll now be on sale from 5 October, not 7 September as advertised.

Win an elephant!

Hartnell four-parter *The Ark* is released on video on 5 October – and, courtesy BBC Worldwide, you can win one of ten spanking new copies in this issue's jumbo competition!

You can read Dave Owen's opinion of this tale – replete with pachyderms, Monoids and imperceptible Refusians – on page 23, but if you'd like to judge its merits for yourself, simply name two *Doctor Who* monsters other than the Refusians which were completely invisible . . .



Jot your answers down on the back of a vulgar postcard marked AAAAA-TCHOOO! . . . BLESS YOU, MY DEAR, and send it to the editorial address at the foot of page three before the closing date, 25 November. You know the score when it comes to multiple entries, 'kay?

Collector's Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming Doctor Who merchandise

5 October

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ark*** [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Janus Conjunction*** by Trevor Baxendale [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

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Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The TV Companion*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *BBC Books* £8.99 [rescheduled from 7 September]

15 October

Novel ***The New Adventures: Beige Planet Mars*** by Lance Parkin & Mark Clapham [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

2 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including *The Underwater Menace* 3 and various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Beltempest*** by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Infinity Doctors*** by Lance Parkin [The Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The Seventh Doctor Handbook*** by David J Howe, Mark Stammers & Stephen James Walker *Virgin* £tba

Non-fiction ***The Nine Lives of Doctor Who*** by Peter Haining *Hodder Headline* £16.99tbc

Autobiography ***Five Rounds Rapid!*** by Nicholas Courtney *Virgin* £tba

16 November

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: From A to Z*** by Gary Gillatt *BBC Books* £17.99

3 December

Novel ***The New Adventures: Where Angels Fear*** by Rebecca Levene & Simon Winstone [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

4 January 1999

Video ***Doctor Who: Nightmare of Eden*** [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Face Eater*** by Simon Messingham [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Salvation*** by Steve Lyons [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] *BBC Books* £4.99

1 February

Anthology ***Doctor Who: More Short Trips*** edited by Stephen Cole [various Doctors & companions] *BBC Books* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Taint*** by Michael Collier [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Wages of Sin*** by David A McIntee [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

1 March

Video ***Doctor Who: The Keys of Marinus*** [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Démontage*** by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Deep Blue*** by Mark Morris [Fifth Doctor, Tegan, Turlough & UNIT] *BBC Books* £4.99

5 April

Novel ***Doctor Who: Revolution Man*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Players*** by Terrance Dicks [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Books* £4.99

3 May

Video ***Doctor Who: The Face of Evil*** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Dominion*** by Nick Walters [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Corpse Marker*** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

5 July

Video ***Doctor Who: The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Unnatural History*** [renamed from *Unnatural Selection*] by Jonathan Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor, Sam, Fitz & Grace Holloway] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Storm Harvest*** by Robert Perry & Mike Tucker [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

Dates unconfirmed

Video ***Doctor Who: Revenge of the Cybermen*** [unedited] [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] BBC *Video* £tba

Video ***Doctor Who: Terror of the Zygons*** [unedited] [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] BBC *Video* £tba

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: Regeneration*** by Gary Russell & Philip Segal *Virgin*

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television **Peter Purves** will reunite with Valerie Singleton and John Noakes to present BBC2's *Blue Peter* 40th anniversary themed evening in October; other former presenters who also featured in *Doctor Who* appearing include **Janet Ellis** (*The Horns of Nimon*), **Christopher Wenner** (*The Awakening*) and **Sarah Greene** (*Attack of the Cybermen*). Purves will host new Channel 5 gameshow *Pets Go Public* during November. **Frazer Hines** is Mr Spinks in the 13-week third series of ITV's *Out of Sight*, which began on 23 September. **Sophie Aldred** is recording a new series of BBC children's magazine *Words and Pictures*. **Chris Clough** is the new producer of *Ballykissangel*, soon returning for a fourth series.

Film Shooting began on 1 September for **Paul McGann**'s next film, *Johnny Hit*. **Mary Tamm** is music agent Alex in forthcoming British movie *Night Swimming*. **Rona Munro** is writing screenplays for both *The Burning Hill* and Zephyr Films' stripper-themed *Doing Blue*.

Miscellaneous **Andrew Cartmel** reports that **Ian Briggs** has given up writing to become a masseur!

Obituaries **Derek Newark**, who was Za in *100,000 BC* and two Greg Suttons in *Inferno*, died recently, aged 65. **Kenneth Watson**, who was Craddock in *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 AD* and Bill Duggan in *The Wheel in Space*, died on 21 July. Other recent losses include **Robert Cawdron** (Taltalian in *The Ambassadors of Death*) and **Roy Pattison** (a Draconian Space Pilot in *Frontier in Space*, plus Zazzka in *The Hand of Fear*).

Dispatches

● Anneke and Sophie join Benny

Playing Dr Kitzinger and Miranda respectively, former *Doctor Who* companions Anneke Wills and Sophie Aldred have joined the cast of the second Bernice Summerfield audio adventure, *Beyond the Sun*. In addition to stars Lisa Bowerman and Nicholas Courtney, the recently-completed first cassette, *Oh No It Isn't!*, also features Mark Gatiss, Nick Briggs and *Auton 2*'s Jo Castleton. The tapes are due for release by Big Finish Productions imminently; watch out for a larger feature in **DWM** soon.

● Ainley and Purves sent to Coventry!

This year's PanoptiCon – at the Hotel Leofric, Coventry over the weekend of 2-4 October – will feature rare guest appearances from Anthony Ainley, Andrew Cartmel and Peter Purves; others confirmed for the event at press time include Colin Baker, Sylvester McCoy, Nicholas Courtney, John Nathan-Turner, Sophie Aldred and Caroline John. As ever, the entire **DWM** complement will be in attendance – will you? Tickets for the full weekend are £45 (£31 for one day) and a limited number *will* be available on the door. Details/bookings (cheques payable to Dominitemporal Services Ltd): PanoptiCon 98 (MG), PO Box 7831, London SW15 6YD. One particular guest, we assume, will be burning heavy rubber on the M1, for you can enjoy An Evening With Sophie Aldred at Derby University on the evening of Saturday 3 October. Tickets are £6 each; doors open at 6pm. Details: Gary Finney, 6 Vale Mills Boyer Street, Derby DE22 3TE (tel 01332 298589).

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BEYOND THE FRINGE

He managed the introduction of the Master and Jo Grant, oversaw the return of the Autons and the Time Lords, and wrestled with the burden and blessing of some of Doctor Who's earliest CSO work. And that was just in *Terror of the Autons*. Peter Griffiths talks to **Barry Letts**, the director . . .

Barry Letts is one of the key behind-the-scenes figures in *Doctor Who*'s history. As producer, he not only oversaw all but one Jon Pertwee story, but also cast arguably the most popular Doctor (Tom Baker) and companion (Elisabeth Sladen as Sarah) of them all. In addition, he worked on the series in a great many other capacities over the years: he was the executive producer of Tom Baker's last season, took a part in the writing of four television adventures (not to mention two nineties radio plays), and directed a further six stories.

Barry's writing and directing output has tended to be overshadowed by his more far-reaching contributions to *Doctor Who*, so **DWM** set out specifically to talk to this experienced television practitioner about his work on the series in those areas. Over a light lunch at BAFTA in Piccadilly, Barry casts his mind back over half-a-century to describe his start in the industry in repertory theatre in Leicester.

"It was during the war, and I was 15. I had seven weeks' summer holidays from school, and as I'd always wanted to be in theatre, I asked if I could come and help. All their people had been called up, so by the end of those seven weeks I was acting as assistant stage manager and running the shows. Then they offered me a job – a very badly paid job, but a job – and I managed to convince everyone to let me leave school and begin my career instead of going on to university. After six months I moved to being an actor with another one of their companies in Wales, and I spent three

years acting before I was called up into the navy in 1943.

"About two days before I joined up, Ealing Studios asked whether I would sign a contract with them – they said, 'We think we can make you a film star.' They were going to pay me £100 a year – quite a lot of money in those days – and when I came out I would start the contract. Everything had changed when I did, of course. Instead of being one of a few people, I was one of about 40 under contract to the Rank Organisation, and I got lost in the crowd. I'm not surprised. I went back into rep and did this and that, and then I got into television as an actor in 1950."

Over the next decade, Barry set his sights on life behind the camera. "Around 1960 I applied for the three-month directing and producing course at the BBC and got turned down because I didn't have enough experience in television. By 1966, I had a lot more experience, and I applied again and got in. I stayed with the BBC for two decades after that. I was given an initial two-year contract as a director, and at the same time I was writing for *The Newcomers*, the BBC's twice-weekly soap opera."

Then came *Doctor Who*. "I hadn't been off the directors course long – I think I'd done a year or so of directing on *The Newcomers* and *Z Cars* – when *The Enemy of the World* came along. The then producer, Innes Lloyd, was on the point of moving on. Peter Bryant, the script editor, was taking over and Derrick Sherwin had come along as the new script editor. My memory is that the three of them were working together on the show. Innes was the one who asked me to direct *Enemy of the World*, and I know that he asked to see the video exercise I'd done at the end of the directors course, a little play I'd written myself. Later on when he left *Doctor Who* and produced *Thirty-Minute Theatre*, Innes asked me to expand it to a 30-minute play for the slot."

Mary Peach as Astrid in *The Enemy of the World*

The Enemy of the World was in some ways atypical of Patrick Troughton's middle season. Without the lure of a recognisable monster, it looked more to politics and intrigue to sustain audience interest. Barry, however, was not overly impressed. "I don't think I'm very proud of *Enemy of the World*. It was a very difficult little show to do because the scripts weren't very good. The writer, David Whitaker, was more or less 'written out' by that time. When I arrived there was one draft script in existence for Episode 1, and they just told me roughly what the rest of it would be about so I could start casting.

"There was some good stuff in it, but the problems were overwhelming. The one episode which exists [Episode 3], which was released on the *Patrick Troughton Years* videotape, does the story no justice. It was probably the poorest, actually! All the stuff in the kitchen is just padding – it has nothing to do with the story, they just didn't know what to do with Victoria. There was quite a lot of that kind of thing going on, mainly because the script was so late. Then again, six-part *Doctor Who* stories have always suffered from excessive chasing up and down corridors rather than moving the plot along."

It may have been padded in places, but *The Enemy of the World* also called for some ambitious staging. "The script was far too ambitious – it was full of ideas and imagery instead of concentrating on a strong story with simple shooting. I remember that doing my running order for the first studio session was a nightmare. My production manager, Martin Lismore – whose job was to take care of the organisational side and run the studio – was very experienced. He looked at this running order and said, 'Barry, this is more like an hour-and-a-half *Wednesday Play* than a half-hour *Doctor Who*. You'll never shoot it in the time we've got with all these stops and starts.' So I simplified things quite considerably and went on trying to simplify, but it still wasn't enough.

"I did little things like using back projection when I couldn't afford to go outside. That wasn't a usual thing in drama. I was copying what Shaun Sutton had done on *Z Cars* – I actually learned to direct on his productions. He would always cut from a long shot of one person walking towards another on location to a back projection scene in the studio for the dialogue. On *Doctor Who* I had a double of Frazer Hines [Jamie] walking towards a bench on location. Frazer stood by watching the screen in the studio, and walked into shot in time with the film and carried on doing the scene."

"Troughton was perfect as Salamander. He could do anything within his physical capacity"

Despite the pressures of time and resources, Barry was determined to get some mileage from the production. "The first episode was actually rather exciting, I remember. In the original draft, when the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria came out of the TARDIS onto the beach in Australia, it was supposed to be a resort with thousands of people and fun fairs and things. That would have been quite impossible, of course, and it wasn't very exciting from an adventure point of view either, so I suggested the helicopter and hovercraft chase instead.

"The hovercraft looked all right on the screen, but it actually didn't work very well. I remember the guy who built it drove it as well, and when it came up to the beach it just

ploughed straight into the sand and stopped. He gave himself such a knock, and later on he showed me this bruise on his thigh which was about two feet long! I wanted the helicopter to explode so the baddies would be killed rather than flying off never to be seen again, so we put in this rather silly line about the engine playing up. Martin [Lismore] suggested that we get a test shot from a James Bond film where a helicopter explodes – not the actual shot from the film, but one of the earlier attempts with a model. We found a helicopter which matched the shot, and we had our explosion. It's part of the fun of filming to think of things like that."

The Enemy of the World reunited Barry with an old friend, Patrick Troughton. "I knew him very well. We'd worked together many times as actors – in fact, the very first television I did in 1950 was as one of the conspirators from the upper houses of Parliament on Guy Fawkes day, with Patrick playing Guy. We got on like a house on fire. We used to nip out onto the fire escape to have a quick fag – we all smoked like chimneys in those days! We met each other many times over the years and had a lot of scenes together. After *Doctor Who* I directed him again in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, but he fell ill and had to withdraw after we'd done the exterior filming."

"Terror of the Autons was very important. I was very keen on directing it"

Barry recalls his leading man had no problems at all with playing the global villain Salamander in addition to his usual role as the Doctor. "He was perfect as Salamander because he was a brilliant character actor. He could do anything within his own physical capacity, which is the reason he never had the difficulties some of the other Doctors did of being typecast. He was able to step straight into another job after *Doctor Who*, playing the Duke of Norfolk in the *Henry VIII* series. Having said that, there was an awful lot of Patrick Troughton in his Doctor."

One story about *The Enemy of the World* concerns a technical problem with the split-screen effect when the Doctor and Salamander finally meet. Barry explained why this occurred: "It was interesting because of my ignorance, and the fact that I wasn't advised properly. I knew all about the theory of split-screen, having read about it in film books since I was 12, so when I had to do it I sought out a camera which would rewind and a matte box which would hold a mask. You shot half the scene with the mask on one side, then rewound the film and repeated it for the other side.

"Presumably because it was so old, the camera jammed on the rewind and we couldn't do half the shots I'd planned. What I didn't realise was that the technique had changed by 1968 – you now shot both sides of the scene on two separate bits of film and combined them in the optical printer. It was much, much easier. I don't know why nobody pointed me in the right direction; another *Who* director, Derek Martinus, told me about it afterwards."

Barry's work on *The Enemy of the World* obviously stood him in good stead, for he was approached a year later with a view to producing *Doctor Who*. "I'd been at the BBC for a while, and the man with whom I'd done most of my television work as an actor, Shaun Sutton, had been made head of the Serials department. He knew me personally and knew I was interested in all kinds of science fiction. As a young man, I used to read every sci-fi thing I could get my hands on, and later I took the *New Scientist* magazine. It gave me quite a rich background in science fiction.

"I think I'm right in saying that no-one would take on the job of producing *Doctor Who*. It was on the skids, to be honest. So Shaun asked me, and I was very happy to take on the job on the proviso that I could go on directing. They said that was fine and gave me a producer/director contract. It usually worked out that I would do a four-parter rather than a six, with the later exception of *Planet of the Spiders*. It came down to time, you see."

One of Barry's first innovations on *Doctor Who* was to change the filming schedule he'd found so problematic on *The Enemy of the World*. The series would now be recorded two episodes every fortnight rather than one per week. "When I was doing *Enemy*, and indeed when I took over, directors literally would be working all night to get things ready for the studio. I did myself, and Tim Combe did on the Silurian episodes, which was the first show I produced. Under the old system, there was a chance you might not even find time to do the set plans before you began rehearsing. Trying to work out all the blocking with the actors and cameras is a

BBC Video [6]

The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) finds himself caught up in a deadly twist on traditional May Day rites in *The Daemons*

long job, and if you're in the throes of rehearsal, when do you do it? You go home and do it all night. The new fortnightly system put a stop to that."

Barry wasn't out of the director's chair for long. He was already turning his attention to the opening story of the eighth season, *Terror of the Autons*. "As I said earlier, to a large extent I had to fit in with the beginning or end of the season so it didn't get too much in the way of my role as producer as well. *Terror of the Autons* was very important because it was the story which introduced the Master. I was very keen on directing it for that reason, and also the fact that I admired Robert Holmes' writing. I'd known Bob for many years – he had been the script editor on *Knight Errant*, a series I'd written for ITV years and years before."

This story introduced a brash and colourful new style for the series, notably in the use of wide shots in conjunction with extreme close-ups. "I think that the style to an extent is dictated by the type of script, but it was essential to get in close on this sort of show, which relied on people's reactions. If you had someone in medium long shot on a small television set, you couldn't really see what was going on on their face. We were always concerned with people's reactions and relationships, rather than action sequences. That was one of the strengths of *Doctor Who* all through its time – you were interested in the people involved in each story. Unlike *Space: 1999* and so on, they weren't cardboard characters."

"I'd spent a year-and-a-half telling writers how to do it! I thought I should have a go"

Terror of the Autons also made the first extensive use of Chromakey, also known as Colour Separation Overlay. In particular, the use of Chromakey backdrops – the Farrells' kitchen, for example – increased the series' visual scope. "Although special effects should never become the reason for a particular shot – they should always service the story – it was nevertheless fun to 'have a go'. You could use Chromakey and so on purely for scenic reasons, to do things in the studio you wouldn't be able to do otherwise. It opened you out and got away from that bane of *Doctor Who* – people running around in studio corridors.

"There were problems – I remember when we did the bus in the studio, we ran into a great deal of trouble because of the chromium around the windows reflecting the blue screen. Quite often I would spend an hour or so doing a special effect which was on the screen for three seconds, because that was all the story needed and it was essential. The only time I begrudged it was when we did the shot of [radio telescope technician] Goodge, who was diminished by the Master and placed in the lunch box. We spent two hours trying to get those three seconds right in the day, and three quarters of an hour shooting it in the evening.

"It was a waste of bloody time, it really was, but I was determined to get it right. When we set up the shot it initially looked as if there was a hole in the bottom of the lunch box and 30 feet away was a chap lying on the floor. We eventually got it looking like he was sitting in the lunch box, but now it looked as if we'd drawn him in a cartoon because he had no shadow. We had to get him

BBC [1] BBC Video [5]

"It's not a matter of life and death . . ."

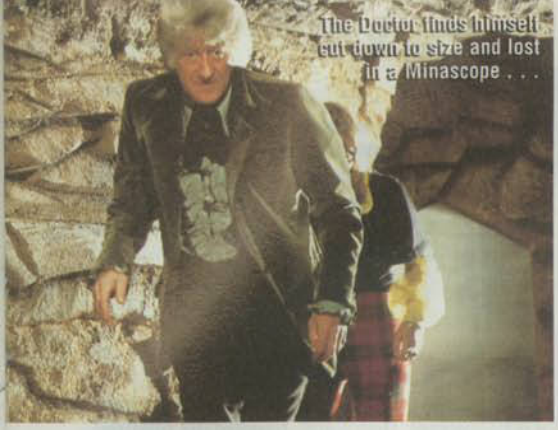
Barry Letts was only on his third serial as producer as *Doctor Who* when he made an unplanned return trip to the director's chair. Partway through work on *Inferno* the contracted director, Douglas Camfield, fell ill. Barry was forced to step in and finish recording the story himself. "I've always said that I took over before the first studio, after the location work, but now I do wonder if that was the case. I'm unsure because there is a photograph of Douggie sitting there in the control gallery with me there as producer – it's clearly *Inferno* – so I think maybe he did the first studio.

"I remember the problem vividly. They were rehearsing and I think Chris D'Oyly-John, the production manager, called up and said to me, 'Barry, you must come down. Douggie is really ill, but he won't give up.' I went down and sure enough, Douggie was absolutely white as a sheet. It turned out it was something to do with his heart, a condition he had which eventually killed him. He died in his sleep three days before he was due to join me on the classic serials to direct *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Anyway, Douggie went off to hospital and there was no question – I had to take over."

I ask Barry for his impression of the finished story; does he think his and Camfield's styles meshed? "I think it worked all right, although I don't think I directed the story all that well because it wasn't my conception. We had to get it done, so I just followed what Douggie had planned for the first studio and worked out my own plans for the rest. I gathered later that he would have preferred the lighting to be darker, more mysterious, whereas I was trying to get the clinical look of a research establishment. There was no right or wrong – it was just a case of different perspectives."

Barry smiles philosophically when reminded of *Inferno*'s token monsters, the hairy Primords. "I didn't think much of them, to be honest. Because of the idea that human beings come from ape-like creatures, I would have preferred them to be more ape-like, but Douggie wanted them to be like werewolves. One of the difficulties of doing monsters in general – whether they be make-up or rubber masks – is that although you agree to them in principle, it's not until just before the recording that you get to see them. By that time it's too late to make changes, so you go with what you have.

"We had the customary party after the story wrapped, at some place in Chelsea. Douggie came along, we were sitting round and I said to him, 'You've got to remember that television is only a game.' He said, 'What? You can't tell me that I've dedicated my life to a game.' I told him that it was a very important game, but not worth killing yourself for. He grudgingly agreed. Television is fun and can be very important, but it's not a matter of life and death."



The Doctor finds himself cut down to size and lost in a Minascope . . .

"If Robert Holmes had had more self-esteem, he'd have been much better known"

sitting against the blue background lit from every direction to eliminate his shadow, and give him a fake shadow made out of brown paper. It was a reasonable shot, but the effort just wasn't worth it. What John Nathan-Turner later did [for the Master's return in *Logopolis*] was use dolls, and for a three second shot it was perfectly adequate."

Around this time, Barry also turned his attention to writing for *Doctor Who* as well. "I had been a writer since about 1960. I'd written quite a lot of stuff, mostly for ITV, Granada in particular. The BBC had a rule that if you were working on a show, you weren't supposed to write more than a certain value of scripts per year. This was on the basis, quite rightly, that you were doing writers out of work, and that being in a position to commission yourself could be seen as a kind of corruption.

"On the other hand, there has always been a tradition of producers and directors writing – Chris Carter has written God-knows-how-many episodes of *The X-Files*. I'd also become a director and producer rather late in life, and I wasn't getting nearly as much money as my contemporaries. It was a time of pay freezes across the country, and I was earning maybe £3000 a year. To top it off, I'd spent a year-and-a-half telling writers how I thought the show should be approached, and as it was all very well to just say it, I thought I really ought to have a go myself."

The solution was a collaboration. "Robert Sloman was a good friend and a playwright – he'd had a play on in the West End – but writing wasn't his full-time job. He actually worked for *The Sunday Times* as their circulation manager. We got on immensely well, so I suggested a collaboration. He said he'd love to, and when we started working on *The Daemons*, it became obvious that we collaborated very well.

"We would work out the story to the last scene in breakdown form. He was very fast and I'm pretty slow, a perfectionist, and this worked fine between us. He would go away and write a quick script based on the breakdown, hand it over to me and say, 'There you are, do what you like with it.' I would then sit down and work my way through it, rewriting where necessary. Some scenes were entirely mine, some entirely his. The Brigadier's famous line from *The Daemons*, 'Chap with wings, five rounds rapid' was one of Bob's lines, whereas all the Buddhist stuff in *Planet of the Spiders* came from me. It was a true collaboration, so we went on doing it for another three stories – *The Time Monster*, *The Green Death* and *Planet of the Spiders*."

Barry's next directing work was *Carnival of Monsters*, ultimately included in the tenth season but recorded as the final production of the ninth block. "I had great fun on *Carnival*. It was supposed to be a cheap show and turned out not to be a cheap show! It was nice working with Tenniel Evans [Major Daly], who was a great friend of Jon's from *The Navy Lark*. Jon actually suggested him, thinking I would cast him as the showman, Vorg. He could have played that part,

. . . while its owner, Vorg (Leslie Dwyer, right) receives a less than warm welcome on Inter Minor. *Carnival of Monsters*

but I'd earmarked Leslie Dwyer for it because he had an element of music hall in his background.

"The script was Bob Holmes again. He had a very full imagination, with an odd humour and also a horrific side. I was very fond of Bob, who was a very humble man in a way. After one of his *Doctor Who* stories aired, I remember there was a review which said, 'This is very fine writing indeed. I can't think why Robert Holmes isn't writing the *Wednesday Play*.' The script editor of the *Wednesday Play* got in touch with him and said, 'Well, how about it?' and Bob said he'd love to, but it never happened. It was down to self-esteem. If Bob had had more, he would have been a much better-known writer."

Carnival of Monsters script called for a twenties ship in the middle of the Indian ocean, so Barry and his production manager - again Chris D'Oyly-John – had their work cut out for them. "Chris found a Royal Fleet Auxiliary ship which had been paid off and was going to be towed down the Medway and broken up. It was in perfect condition. How he found out about it God only knows, but he got us permission to go onboard on the day it was being towed down the river. That meant I could never show the horizon, because you would see the river banks. When we anchored at the end, we did all the stationary stuff where it didn't matter if you saw the water.

"It was an intense job of scheduling between Chris and I to work out what needed to be shot when. I went down to the ship and had a private recce and worked out the exact camera positions and heights, which I thoroughly enjoyed as a technical exercise. As I'd been in the Navy myself, I felt quite at home on ships."

I wondered how exactly Barry juggled his producing and directing duties – did being behind the camera alter the show's routine? "What I would do is change the schedule somewhat so that instead of rehearsing from 10am till 5:30pm, we started and finished earlier. I was then able to spend a few hours in the office as producer and deal with whatever had come up. Directing the story at the beginning or end of the season gave you a certain amount of leeway in either preparation or post-production.

"Just the once, I remember asking Terrance [Dicks] to act as an associate producer. It might not even have been on *Doctor Who* – it may have been on a later classic serial. We discussed everything, certainly – Terrance says he learned how to be a producer by working with me. I involved him in everything, asked him to come on location and so on. Lots of script editors just sit in offices and deal with scripts. That's very foolish because it

"This auteur thing seemed marvellous to me. I was able to do it on Planet of the Spiders"

means they don't know the technicalities of what's possible and what's not."

On the flipside, it must have been difficult sometimes for Barry to let directors go their own way? He thinks hard about this. "Yes, sometimes. Sometimes I would sit there with my insides churning thinking, 'He's doing it wrong, it shouldn't be like this.' But it wasn't my job to direct for him, and there wouldn't have been time to step in under those circumstances anyway. Occasionally I would step in and say, 'I don't think this scene works. You're playing it all in long shot, whereas we really need to see so-and-so's reaction' A good director would agree and change it. I would certainly have intervened if I felt a director had completely misunderstood a character or an actor was getting it wrong – that was what the producer's run was for. I always used to say that the producer should act as an informed audience."

One example of this intervention came during *Frontier in Space*, the conclusion of which Barry counts as one of his most disappointing experiences on *Doctor Who*. "It was a good story and in general worked very well, but the ending fell flat. We added the cliffhanger because the story just fizzled away. I don't want to slag off [director] Paul Bernard, but the way he planned the ending, which wasn't all that hot anyway, wasn't very good. When we came to do it, it was also a great rush. In the next studio, on *Planet of the Daleks*, David Maloney shot a little scene first which we tagged on to the end of *Frontier in Space*. It was just unfortunate that it was Roger Delgado's last appearance."

The pressures of the anniversary season and overseeing production of a new series, *Moonbase 3*, meant that Barry didn't direct another story until *Planet of the Spiders* – Jon Pertwee's finale, and another of his own scripts.

Did directing his own story cause any unforeseen problems for Barry? "No, I enjoyed it. That's what I wanted to do when I first came into television. As I said, my mentor in this business was Shaun Sutton, and when I worked for him in children's television he was the producer, the director and the writer. This *auteur* thing seemed to me marvellous. I was able to do it on *Planet of the Spiders*, albeit as a writing collaboration, and I did it more specifically later on with *Gulliver and Lilliput*.

"Whenever I've written and directed, I've always put on different hats. You've got to – if you get them mixed up, you can end up with a ridiculous mess. You write as a writer, and then you look at it as a director from an artistic and technical point of view, especially when it comes to special effects. You write the story first, then look at the realisation."

While shooting Jon Pertwee's final scenes was sad, directing *Spiders* gave Barry a chance to work closely with Elisabeth Sladen, the companion he'd cast at the beginning of the season. "I thought Lis was a bloody good actress, always have, and I let her know it. Actors blossom when you let them know they're good, whereas many directors seem to think that it's an actor's job to be good. As for Jon, we weren't emotional when the regeneration was being shot – it was too important to line the shots up correctly – but in the evening, it was very sad. We had a farewell party."

Philip Hinchcliffe took over as *Doctor Who*'s producer shortly after Barry oversaw Tom Baker's debut in *Robot*, but unforeseen events meant that Barry returned to full-time directing for a while. "Although I had handed over to Philip, I was asked by my bosses to stay on with him in a sort of consultant capacity until he felt he was in the swing of things. I did that for a couple of months and then went over to the Series and Serials department to produce *Marie Curie*. We ran into political trouble because the Science Features department thought that should be one of their projects, and it ended up being cancelled. There I was without a job. I was offered the producership of *Warship*, but I turned it down because they'd come right to the end of their run.

"I said to my head of department, Ronnie Marsh, 'This is silly, doing nothing. Why don't I work out my contract as a director and then go freelance?' He agreed, and I went around the producers I knew to try and get work. I ended up with an episode of *The Experts*, a classic serial, and the next Terry Nation story for *Doctor Who*. By that time I thought of myself purely as a freelance director."

That next Terry Nation story was *The Android Invasion*, Barry's final directing work on *Doctor Who*. "I thought it was a good idea, and I enjoyed filming it. I deliberately made it look pretty. The Kraals were good, weren't they? I wonder why they never came back? They had a certain something in common with the Sontarans, I think, if only the big heads! The chap who played the lead Kraal, Martin Friend, had always been very good – I'd worked with him on *The Caine Mutiny* – and whenever I could I worked with him after that.

"The script was good too. Before I'd left *Doctor Who*, we'd asked Terry Nation if he'd come up with a new Dalek episode, which he'd duly brought in, and I'd said very naughtily, 'This is great, Terry, but you've sold it to us three times already!' I pointed out the similarities between it and previous stories, and also the first-ever Skaro story, and Terry said, 'Good God, you're right.' From that came *Genesis of the Daleks*. Terry had obviously taken on board what we'd said, and when he was commissioned for *The Android Invasion* slot he'd had a jolly good think about doing something different."

As anyone who's visited East Hagbourne will know, *The Android Invasion* employed very clever photography by Barry to change the geography of the village and make the central square appear much larger than it is. "That's right, the pub is down that road, but not nearly so close to the centre as I portrayed it. I've always enjoyed doing things like that. When I did *David Copperfield* in 1987, to create the illusion of the harbour which was supposed to be in London I tied together a shot of Whitby harbour with the banks of a river in King's Lynn. On screen you'd swear to God it was the same place. That's part of the fun of being a director, the magic of storytelling."

The Android Invasion was part of Tom Baker's second season, and Barry had the chance to direct the actor he was responsible for casting as the Fourth Doctor. "I'd heard Tom had been a bit difficult with some people, but he wasn't difficult at all on *The Android Invasion*. I've often found that those who are called 'difficult' are people who are good themselves, perfectionists, and who don't suffer fools gladly. If they're on a short fuse, they can blow up at people. That's what Tom was apt to do later on. I've heard him swearing and cursing in the studio myself, but he always had a good reason. He was carrying a heavy load, too, as the Doctors always did.

"Tom was also grateful to me because I'd given him the job. We got on very well, and still do. I like him as a man and I like the way his mind works. He came up with some good ideas, and he came up with some crazy ideas. Some other directors would just want him to get on with it, but I would listen to Tom and accommodate him where I thought it worked. I remember at one point Tom came up with something about his hat in the middle of a very serious bit, and I said, 'No Tom, no.' 'Why not?' he asked, and I said, 'Because it's a damn silly idea!' He stopped and said, 'I tell you what, I won't wear my hat at all.' He accepted it completely because I listened on other occasions."

"Those who are called 'difficult' are people who are perfectionists who don't suffer fools gladly"

Returning to his old stomping ground, Barry did notice the changes in style. "Philip and Bob Holmes had quite deliberately made the programme more scary and adult, and they got away with it. After *Planet of the Spiders* UNIT was gently dropped, too, since none of the later producers wanted to pick it up and use it as we did. Actually, I probably would have gone the same way if I'd stayed. It was a very useful device, but it was constraining. The stories I've written for radio include the Brigadier, but UNIT itself is marginal. *The Android Invasion* was originally written for the Brigadier, but when we came to do it Nick Courtney wasn't available and the part had to be rewritten for another character [Colonel Faraday]. I was very disappointed, but I thought Patrick Newell did very well in the part."

Barry moved straight on to direct the rescheduled *Marie Curie* – but, during production, John McRae, the producer, left to become Head of Drama for New Zealand television. Barry was offered his job. "I stayed with the classic serials for ten years, mid-1975 to March '85. I started off doing five a year, mostly half-hours, sometimes 50-minuters. It was a regular strand from October through late Spring. I was going to direct *Alice in Wonderland* in 1984, but there was a production managers' strike which meant the whole thing had to be withdrawn. We got quite a way in – the costumes and props were all made. Since I was leaving anyway, Terrance [Dicks] took over from me as producer, and I came back and directed the remount of *Alice in Wonderland* for him the next year, and *David Copperfield* in 1986.

"I had a poor year in 1987, and from then on I taught directing on the BBC training course at Elstree, as well as working on *Brookside*, *EastEnders* and various television pilots which didn't come to anything for one reason or another. One thing which [producer] Brian Lighthill suggested to me and which we worked on together was a series of one-hour plays. That was received very well and we got the money to get a pilot going, but it went on being offered to the powers at the BBC for two years. They kept on saying, 'Everybody likes it, but it's at the bottom of the list. We'll do it if we've got enough money left.' Needless to say, they didn't. That's the nearest I came to being a producer again."

The impact of *Doctor Who* on Barry Letts' life has been far greater than he ever anticipated. "When I took the series on, I said to my wife, 'I'll do it for a year, and at the end of it at least I'll be known as a director who has also produced.' It was a little bit of cache. That was in 1969, and I went to a *Doctor Who* convention last Saturday. That's the effect it's had on my life." DWM

Kraal Styggron (Martin Friend) in *The Android Invasion*

BBC Video (7)

Child prodigies the Sylvest twins (Gavin and Andrew Conrad) with the newly-regenerated Doctor (Colin Baker)

The Twin Dilemma

Andrew Pixley goes on the slimy trail of a giant slug, its avian allies, abducted sibling genii and a psychotically unbalanced Doctor as he reviews the making of what is officially DWM readers' least-liked serial ever . . .

PART ONE

On an Earth of the future, the mathematically brilliant but awkward twins Romulus and Remus have just completed a game of 'equations' when an elderly man calling himself Professor Edgeworth appears in their room. By subterfuge, he manages to place green rings on the boys' wrists which induce amnesia, placing them under his control. Edgeworth has them transported to a waiting Space Hopper Mark Three freighter crewed by two aliens. There, he contacts a slug-like creature called Mestor, who directs the craft to a safe house on the planet Titan Three.

In the TARDIS, Peri is wary of the newly-regenerated Doctor – a loud, verbose figure who suffers from mood swings. After a manic episode in the TARDIS wardrobe, the Doctor decides that they need a holiday on Vesta Ninety-Five – before attempting to strangle Peri, who repels him using a mirror.

The twins' disappearance is discovered by their father, Professor Sylvest, who alerts the authorities. Lieutenant Hugo Lang leads the Interplanetary Pursuit A Squadron after the boys and encounters the freighter; Mestor uses his power against the squadron. Edgeworth's party teleport to the safe house where Mestor urges Edgeworth to set the boys to work.

The Doctor has come to believe that he is 'unregenerate', and decides to go into retreat as a hermit, selecting the barren Titan Three as his place of residence. There, he and Peri find the wreckage of the squadron and its sole survivor, the injured Lang. Back in the TARDIS, Lang recovers and aims his gun at the Doctor: "Murderer! You destroyed my entire command! Now I'm going to kill you!"

PART TWO

The weakened Lieutenant collapses again, and before treating his wounds the Doctor and Peri hide the power pack to his gun. Sensing danger to the universe and recalling the "children" of which Lang had mumbled, the Doctor eagerly sets out to confront the evil at work on Titan Three. He and Peri enter the safe house's service duct, but are captured by Edgeworth's alien cohorts.

In the safe house, the boys are set to work on mathematical problems. Edgeworth explains that he needs their skills to help his planet, Jaconda, as demanded by that planet's new master, Mestor. The Doctor and Peri are brought in by the Jocondans, and the Doctor instantly recognises Edgeworth to be the Time Lord Azmael, a former Master of Jaconda whom he last met two regenerations previously. Disturbed, Azmael explains that he must help his people at any cost. The Doctor and Peri will be left in the base after he and the twins have transmatted out; it will take the Doctor several days to crack the combination to open the main door.

Azmael's party teleport to the freighter. Peri and the Doctor discover that Noma, one of the Jocondans, has set the self-destruct mechanism of the base without Azmael's knowledge. With minutes to live, the Doctor rigs up Azmael's 'revitalising modulator' in order to transport first Peri and then himself back in time by ten seconds, taking them out of the base and into the TARDIS. However, after Peri teleports out, her watch – vital to the Doctor's plan – stops.

In the TARDIS, Lang has come to, located his power pack – and confronts Peri at gunpoint when she appears. Turning to the scanner, Peri cries in grief as she sees the safe house explode . . .

PART THREE

Having had to estimate his escape, the Doctor appears ten seconds in the future before stabilising in the TARDIS. Joining forces, he, Peri and Lang travel to Jaconda to rescue the twins. The Doctor is sure that Azmael's intentions are good but, when the TARDIS materialises, is horrified to discover that the once-beautiful world has become a barren wasteland. He spots the trail of the mythical Giant Gastropods – half human, half slug – and realises that these creatures must have returned. Entering the TARDIS, the Doctor takes Peri and Lang down into the corridors leading to the palace. Lang becomes stuck when he steps in a trail left by the Gastropods, and the Doctor sets off alone to locate the twins.

From the freighter, Romulus and Remus are escorted to the palace laboratory by Azmael; adjacent to this is a vast chamber containing Gastropod eggs. Mestor, the ruling Gastropod, confronts the twins; he can monitor the thoughts of his subjects. Azmael insists that if the boys are to carry out the task, they must be left alone; only Drak, the Jocondan loyal to Azmael, remains. Azmael explains that the boys' mathematics is needed to bring two lesser planets from Jaconda's system into the same orbit, thus providing a new supply of food. The Doctor enters and confronts Azmael, demanding to know what is going on.

The Doctor and the fawning Jocondan Chamberlain (Seymour Green) in the presence of mighty Mestor (Edwin Richfield)

Peri and Lang are attacked; Peri is taken before Mestor in the palace, while a dazed Lang staggers to the laboratory. The Doctor's first impulse is to rescue Peri, but Azmael forbids this; this would alert Mestor to the threat to his plan. "No! Peri!" cries the Doctor in desperation.

PART FOUR

Noma and the guards enter the laboratory and capture the Doctor; he is taken before Mestor, who realises that he has knowledge and experience that would be valuable towards Mestor's plan. Peri and the Doctor are taken back to the laboratory, where Azmael has restored the twins' memories. Meanwhile, Mestor sends the fawning Jocondan Chamberlain to locate the TARDIS.

Peri (Nicola Bryant) and the Doctor on the surface of Titan Three

Azmael reveals that the three planets will be in different time zones after they have been moved. However, the Doctor deduces that their orbits will decay and hurl them into the sun; in the resulting explosion, the eggs of the Gastropods will be flung across space, enabling the creatures to colonise the universe. Using a flask of acid, the Doctor and Azmael plot to deal with Mestor; however, the plan has been monitored by Mestor via Drak. Peri, Lang and the twins hurry back to the TARDIS, only to run into Noma and more guards.

Azmael and the Doctor trick Mestor into entering Azmael's body, and the Doctor seizes his chance to hurl the acid and destroy Mestor's body. Unable to regenerate any more, Azmael dies in the Doctor's arms as Mestor's spirit is exorcised. The Jocondan guards collapse in pain, and Lang overpowers Noma and the Chamberlain. With their rulers dead, the Jocondans have to rebuild their society; Lang agrees to help them. The Doctor and Peri usher Romulus and Remus into the TARDIS to take them home, where Peri again castigates the Doctor for his rudeness. The Time Lord reminds her: "I am the Doctor – whether you like it or not!"

"I'm falling to pieces!"

In the TARDIS, Peri insists that the unstable Doctor should help Hugo Lang search for the twins.

DOCTOR Is this another attempt to teach me compassion?
HUGO Just tell me where the palace is and I'll be happy to go alone.
DOCTOR It's all right for you. You're young, strong, fit of limb, confident in your mission. Your energy is boundless. You are highly motivated to success . . . (*mournfully*) You even have a gun to enforce your will upon others. But look at me. I'm old, lacking in vigour. My mind is in a turmoil. I no longer know if I'm coming, have gone or even been. I'm falling to pieces. I no longer even have any clothes sense.
PERI Stop feeling sorry for yourself.
DOCTOR Self-pity is all I have left!

From The Twin Dilemma
Part Three
by Anthony Steven

In Production

Several sources had suggested that Colin Baker should replace Peter Davison as the star of *Doctor Who*. Baker had appeared in the series as Commander Maxil in *Arc of Infinity*, which had been made over May and June, 1982; during recording he had expressed an interest in playing the lead role. After her wedding reception, Lynn Richards, an assistant floor manager on *Arc of Infinity*, had told series producer John Nathan-Turner that Baker might make a suitable Doctor; at this time, Richards was unaware that Davison was considering leaving the show. (For his part, Nathan-Turner remembered that Baker had kept everyone at the wedding entertained with his quick wit.) Ron Jones, *Arc of Infinity*'s director, also claimed to have put forward the actor's name. Realising that Baker was a very different actor to Davison, Nathan-Turner reckoned that Baker might provide the contrast he was looking for; he also recalled a party at the home of Nyssa actress Sarah Sutton where he had found Baker very amusing. Late in 1982, Nathan-Turner took the opportunity to renew his acquaintance with Baker, who was in Brighton touring in a play with Gerald Flood (then involved in *The King's Demons*); they

BBC Video [4]

COLIN BAKER THE DOCTOR

Colin Baker was born in London in 1943. Acting while young, he made an early appearance on Granada Television in *My Wife's Sister*. He joined the North Manchester Amateur Dramatics Society, but in the meantime trained as a solicitor. By the age of 23, he had decided that he wanted to fully pursue an acting career, and went to study at LAMDA. His chosen vocation began in earnest with stage work from 1969 on, including *The Flip Side*, *Underground* and *Odd Man In*. On television he appeared in *Roads to Freedom*, *The Silver Sword*, *The Adventures of Don Quick* and *War and Peace* – but found fame in the mid-seventies BBC drama series *The Brothers*, in which he played the unlikeable Paul Merroney. Baker married actress Liza Goddard (who later appeared in the *Doctor Who* serial *Terminus*), although they later divorced; he married again, this time to actress Marion Wyatt. Slightly typecast after *The Brothers* ended in 1977, Baker made guest appearances in series including *Blake's 7*, *Juliet Bravo* and *Doctor Who*.

"I wanted to bring unpredictability to it, and to highlight the fact that the Doctor is not from Earth" Colin Baker

met at Nathan-Turner's flat to lunch and talk over their previous work.

Early next summer, Nathan-Turner telephoned Baker while the actor was appearing in the play *Suddenly at Home* in Richmond, inviting him to his office for a chat; Baker did not know the purpose of the meeting, assuming it was a request to open a summer fete, or similar. Baker visited the BBC on Friday 10 June 1983 – when Nathan-Turner revealed that Davison was leaving *Doctor Who*, and asked if Baker would be interested in taking over from him.

Baker had been a fan of the series since the sixties; indeed, he had nearly applied for the title role when Tom Baker had left the show in 1980. The actor rapidly indicated his interest, and the producer dispatched him with a set of videotapes featuring four of the programme's previous stars (*The Space Museum*, *The War Games*, *Carnival of Monsters* and *Pyramids of Mars*) to watch prior to another meeting the following week.

When Baker returned, it was clear that both he and Nathan-Turner were happy that he should take over. Baker was not only keen for the character to be a distillation of himself, but also to emphasise the Doctor's alien qualities and unexpected behaviour patterns via mood swings and skewed values; such a juxtaposition with his human looks would make the character slightly unapproachable. Nathan-Turner liked these ideas, and was keen to push them further. An initial notion was for the Doctor to be something akin to Mr Darcy in Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* – a dark, unsympathetic character who could nevertheless be trusted. The idea arose that the Doctor should make bad jokes and spout quotations from both English literature and fictitious alien cultures. Baker wanted to use rich English words in his dialogue which viewers would then want to go and look up the meaning of.

Nathan-Turner took Baker to have a chat with David Reid, then Head of BBC Drama. Throughout, Reid was watching television coverage of a test match, and most of the 20-minute conversation focused on cricket. Baker eagerly accepted an offer of a four-year contract, the BBC being keen to retain his Doctor for a longer period than Davison's. It was agreed that his casting would be kept secret prior to a formal announcement.

From the outset, script editor Eric Saward felt that Baker had been miscast as the Doctor, but worked with Nathan-Turner and Baker to develop the Doctor's new persona. Nathan-Turner and Saward wanted to make the new Doctor grouchy, unpleasant and, particularly, far more 'alien'. He was to have the deductive powers of Sherlock Holmes, making huge, logical leaps to draw conclusions. Wanting a contrast to the relatively quiet Davison, the team decided that Baker's Doctor should be a 'big' character with a loud costume.

Saward wanted the new Doctor's first adventure to involve a bizarre situation which would allow the opportunity to investigate both the Doctor's behaviour and his reaction to his regeneration. Baker felt that, by way of contrast to his predecessor's bouts of weakness throughout his debut, *Castrovalva*, his Sixth Doctor should swing to uncontrolled outbursts. These would require a skilled writer to achieve, and Nathan-Turner suggested that Saward should approach Anthony Steven. The colourful Steven was a long-standing drama writer with whom Nathan-Turner had worked on *All Creatures Great and Small*.

Following preliminary discussions, Steven was commissioned on Tuesday 19 July to author a storyline titled *A Stitch in Time*. Unlike his script editor, Nathan-Turner was keen for Baker to debut in a simplistic story featuring a major villain. With this accepted, the commission to write the first script, now known as *A Switch in Time*, came on Tuesday 2 August. The final three episodes were formally solicited on Wednesday 24 August under the title *The Twin Dilemma*.

During the first week of August, Baker was visiting Blackpool, where he went to the BBC Enterprises Doctor Who Exhibition and became rather concerned to hear that actor Brian Blessed had apparently got 'his' part; the rumour derived from the *Daily Express* of Monday 1. Press speculation as to the next Doctor's identity continued with items in both the *Express* and the *Daily Star* on Wednesday 17.

Two days later, Baker's casting was announced at a photocall with Nicola Bryant, the actress recently cast as new companion Peri. Baker also appeared on BBC Radio's *PM* programme; news of the new Doctor made the lunchtime BBC television bulletin, which included press launch coverage and a clip from *Arc of Infinity* in which Baker's Maxil guns down Davison's Doctor. Most national newspapers covered the appointment on Saturday 20. On Monday 22, Baker appeared on BBC's *Breakfast Time*, and on Saturday 28 he was interviewed for Derby local radio. He was also a guest on *Tony Blackburn's Sunday Show* on Radio 1 on Sunday 5 September, when the possible return of robot companion K9 was discussed.

Steven's work on the scripts dragged on through the autumn as the writer hit problems. Saward attempted to help, but numerous plot elements failed to work. The editor was also concerned that Peri's character did not work well with the Sixth Doctor; he felt that she ended up whining at him the whole time. This was partly developed because Nathan-Turner believed that traditionally the Doctor got on badly with his companions after a regeneration. Steven delivered his material late, with increasingly strange excuses for his tardiness – one of which was that his typewriter had exploded.

The character of Azmael, another Time Lord, arose from a suggestion made by Ian Levine, a long-time fan who was advising the production office at this time. Levine suggested that the new Doctor could meet up with his elderly mentor, as mentioned in serials such as *The Time Monster* and *State of Decay* (possibly the figure of K'Anpo in *Planet of the Spiders*).

At an early stage, August 1983, Nathan-Turner had decided that he wanted Peter Moffatt to direct the new Doctor's debut; Nathan-Turner had brought Moffatt to the show in 1980 for *State of Decay*, since when the director had overseen three more serials, including that year's *The Five Doctors*. Set designer was Valerie Warrender, who had previously worked on *The Androids of Tara* and *The Creature From the Pit*. Costume design was by newcomer Pat Godfrey; after working at a theatrical hire company, Godfrey had joined the BBC as a dresser. Make-up was handled by Denise Baron, who had been an assistant on *The Ribos Operation*. Visual effects designer Stuart Brisdon had worked on *Mawdryn Undead* and was soon to inherit work on *The Caves of Androzani*.

BBC Video [3]

The Twin Dilemma

Peri and the Doctor ponder their incarceration within the safe house on Titan Three

On seeing Steven's scripts, Moffatt was immediately concerned by the climax. The Mestor character (originally 'Aslan') did not appear prominently, and the end of the serial was set out in space. Aware of his budget, Moffatt indicated that the script was impractical. Saward engaged in discussions with Steven about rewrites, but Steven had become very ill and was unable to make the required modifications.

With work on the scripts behind schedule, Saward set about heavily rewriting the final two instalments. On Monday 5 December, Saward wrote to Steven and informed him that he had rewritten a great deal of Part Four; the climax was completely restructured. Saward's modifications to the script would extend well into the rehearsal period for the serial.

During November, there were added complications when production on the serial had to be postponed. Industrial action had caused the loss of the first studio session for Davison's swansong, *The Caves of Androzani*, in early December. The original plan had been that rehearsals for *The Twin Dilemma* would begin on Wednesday 28 December for studio recordings between Tuesday 10 and Thursday 12 January, and from Tuesday 24 to Thursday 26 January; this would, unusually, be followed up by location filming on Monday 30 and Tuesday 31 January (although this seems to have been shifted back from New Year 1984). Now *The Caves of Androzani*'s director, Graeme Harper, would need to use the first of the planned studio sessions for *The Twin Dilemma* to complete his serial. Moffatt would then be able to start work on what would have been the second block, and was forced to schedule his filming between the two studio sessions. Recording would now conclude in mid-February.

In Saward's revised rehearsal scripts, the serial opened in the TARDIS and continued directly on from *The Caves of Androzani*, with the Doctor "in the split remnants of the previous Doctor's costume. Bursting out at the seams. He is nevertheless in euphoric mood. Longing for admiration. He spins round – almost a pirouette – flexing his new muscles." A few moments later, the script notes that his "euphoria [is] turning to severity". In the wardrobe scene, the Doctor's mood swings were outlined: "His euphoria gives way to a dark terror. He shrinks into a corner trying to bury himself behind a rail of clothes – a Faustus upon whom the powers of darkness are closing in."

Recovering, the Doctor "sees the coat he will choose and smiles broadly. As yet, we do not realise how tasteless it will be." The Doctor's new costume was described in the script as "totally tasteless, each colour clashing with the one along side it". When the Doctor realises the danger he poses, "He staggers back . . . right hand pressed to his twin hearts – a cross between a bad Hamlet and a figure from Victorian melodrama." The Doctor's dialogue saw great use of alliteration and quotation: in Part One, the Doctor speaks a line from Irish poet Thomas Moore's 1817 work *Lalla Rukh*: "One morn a Peri at the gate/Of Eden stood disconsolate". In Part Two, the Doctor's "shades of night" speech comes from *Excelsior*, an 1841 Longfellow poem. The rehearsal script also has him quoting *Good King Wenceslas* when he tells Peri to follow in his footsteps: "Tread thou in them boldly."

The setting for the main narrative was given as 2300 AD. The twins were named Romulus and Remus after the mythical brothers who founded Rome, and were "fourteen year-old twin children" . . . "dark, extremely good looking, almost sexually so". The script further notes that "Romulus and Remus have a confidence beyond their years which springs from a natural genius, and which frequently reveals itself in arrogance of manner. Nevertheless, at certain moments their responses will be just the same as those of other children their age." Professor Sylvest is "at first sight a serene, handsome, scholarly man of forty-five. The serenity is misleading. His is ineffectual when dealing with his off-springs". The twins' game of 'equations' was originally to be played as if composing a symphony of numbers.

Azmael's name derived from Azael or Azazel, one of the fallen angels; the script referred to him

WRITER ANTHONY STEVEN

Anthony Steven was an award-winning writer who had been scripting for television since 1954 when he had adapted a TW Robertson play, *Caste*. He continued to adapt other classic plays and books for the BBC in the late fifties before penning episodes of numerous drama series, including *The Third Man*, *Maigret* and *Dr Finlay's Casebook*; he wrote with Francis Crowdy (as 'Anthony Francis'), Vincent Tilsley and Denise Coffey. During the sixties, he worked on many series and serials for ITV and BBC: *Swallows and Amazons*, *Redcap*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *Thirteen Against Fate*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Forsyte Saga*, *The Man in the Iron Mask* and *Virgin of the Secret Service* amongst them. His work in the seventies and eighties included *The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Regiment*, Dorothy L Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey mysteries, *The Talisman* and *Fanny by Gaslight*. He died in 1990.

BBC Video [3] Godfrey [1]

by his alias of Edgeworth, describing him in Part One as "tall, ageless, handsome in a Machiavellian way. Yet there is a latent benevolence. We will call him Professor Edgeworth. He is, in fact, Azmael, a Time Lord and deposed Master of the planet Joconda. Formerly a benign ruler, he is now controlled by Mestor, a monster of evil genius who has usurped his powers". Here, Edgeworth takes control of the twins' minds by placing a black spot in the palms of their hands.

General Fabian – apparently named after the BBC fifties film series *Fabian of Scotland Yard* – was originally male: "He is the archetypal senior police officer of any century. He is in a bad temper from being woken up". The character of Elena was just 'Female Technician', and Fabian's rank changed to Commander in the camera scripts.

Titan Three was described briefly: "We can't see much because of the prevailing gloom . . . a place of frightful desolation . . . a wind-blown foggy vapour adding to the obscurity". The spelling of 'Joconda' was largely consistent in the scripts. In Part Three, the TARDIS was to land amongst the "blackened trunks and branches of dead trees" in what was "formerly a forest grove" beneath a "bland sun and a bald sky . . . The dark soil is baked and cracked, and criss-crossed with strange silvery tracks about a meter wide . . . total silence . . . A prevailing eeriness intensified by the strong light". (As regards the spelling of Jaconda/Joconda, the closing credits of the programme refers to the race as 'Jocondans', while the world is named 'Jaconda' in BBC publicity material; these spellings are adopted in this text.)

The two Jocondans on the XV773 were Drak ("small, alert and lively") and Noma ("tall, saturnine and sinister . . . a sort of Gestapo officer sent to keep an eye on Edgeworth"). The Jocondan Chamberlain was originally female, described as "the sort who would – in her own interest – desert to a victorious enemy. She is obsequious and anxious for her new master's good opinion."

In the Titan Three safe house, Mestor appears on a giant screen to Edgeworth and the others. On Jaconda, Edgeworth's Laboratory was described in detail; it included an "astronomical model which represents a solar system . . . Jocondа's solar system is a very simple one. There are only three other planets orbiting its sun – one nearer the sun than Jaconda, and two others further away" and also "Demonstration models of the huge 'dishes' which will exert a gravitational pull capable of pulling the three other planets out of their own orbits, and into the same orbit as Jaconda. This will give them the same climates, and an outlet for the uncontrollable growth of the gastropod population. Everything . . . is in readiness, except the means which will trigger the gravitational pull. The genius of the twins is needed to provide the 'trigger'." Again, script detail was inconsistent; later, the three planets are reduced to two when Azmael outlines the twins' task by using an animated diagram.

There were numerous rewrites to Part Four. Originally, when Mestor sends Noma to apprehend the intruders near the incubation chamber, Mestor reconsiders Azmael's earlier comments about needing fellow conspirators to plot treason. In the next laboratory scene, dialogue where the Doctor says that if Mestor has killed Peri "I shall destroy his kind" was removed. The same scene also lost its conclusion at an early stage. Originally, the twins agreed to help Azmael now that the Doctor – "my oldest friend" – has been taken away; Azmael comments, "Better

"In the cold light of day, years after the event, I can say I think Colin's costume was something of a mistake"

John Nathan-Turner

COSTUME THE DOCTOR

Colin Baker had suggested that his costume should be a severe, suave suit of black velvet; producer John Nathan-Turner resisted this strongly, believing that such a costume would be too similar to the outfit worn by the Master. Nathan-Turner wanted the character's dress to return to the feel of the earlier Doctor's costumes, retaining a Victorian silhouette but with a bizarre clown or fairground feel to it, suggesting something garish like spotted trousers and furnishing costume designer Pat Godfrey with the description "totally tasteless". Godfrey's main restriction was that the outfit should have no blue elements (which would cause problems in CSO sequences) and that the 'question mark' motif should be retained on the shirt collar. Godfrey made five or six attempts at coming up with something which was tasteless enough to satisfy Nathan-Turner. The frock-coat was made in pure Melton wool with dyed sections, while the trousers were pillow ticking dyed yellow; the costume was assembled by tailor Arthur Davey. Later, Nathan-Turner came to believe that the overly garish costume had been a big mistake. Baker's main contribution to the outfit was the cat badge, which was inspired by Rudyard Kipling's tale *The Cat That Walked By Himself* (from *Just So Stories*), which includes the line "He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him". Baker replaced "places" with 'times' to make a motto for his Doctor. The hand-painted badge made by Suzie Trevor was purchased from a specialist jewellery store on Earlham Street in London.

Jaconda is destroyed than that we slowly starve to death."

Dialogue was heavily reduced in the scene where the Doctor is brought before Mestor; originally, the Doctor declares himself to be "a rather special Time Lord", although Mestor finds him "sadly lacking in charisma". The Doctor talks of how he visited Azmael in his laboratory before, and how he and Peri now wish to leave Jaconda. Back in the laboratory, Azmael later tells the Doctor that Mestor can travel in time because "He has my Tardis". Some of the dialogue from the twins about their calculations was removed, as was the Doctor's remarking to Peri that Mestor will have departed the scene before Jaconda's sun explodes. There was also to be a short scene showing Noma pacing angrily outside the laboratory, with two of the guards sniggering nearby causing Noma to lose his temper. A similar scene in which Mestor orders Noma and the guards to clear the corridor was also dropped before recording.

When examining the eggs, Azmael debates with the Doctor that the Gastropods are no ordinary slugs: "How many slugs have you met that walk around on legs, can read minds?" There was to be "an evil slurping sound from within the egg". When confronting Mestor, there was more Doctor dialogue about Hugo seeking revenge, to which Mestor retorts that the Time Lord is "preoccupied with [his] own pettiness". Azmael grovels on the Doctor's behalf to Mestor, saying how he has seen Mestor take over people's minds before. When the Doctor flings the first flask of acid at Mestor, it is destroyed in "a blue impenetrable barrier of energy". Azmael's dying words were different: "My only regret was leaving Gallifrey when it needed me most . . . To become a renegade is to give up one's roots . . . I did, preferring the paradise that was Jaconda . . . But I did try my best for this planet . . . It certainly gave me a good life . . . Many great moments." As Edgeworth dies, the Doctor sees a "black, amorphous shape attempting to free itself of the prostrate body of the Time Lord".

Kevin McNally poses as the injured Hugo

Part Four's conclusion was slightly restructured. When Hugo starts ordering Peri about in the passages near the TARDIS, the American retorts: "You sound just like my step-father. And he was a man I rarely listened to." Hugo enters the TARDIS with Peri and decides to check the rest of the vessel, and Peri says: "That would take you half a lifetime. The rooms are endless." Meanwhile, the Doctor walks along a palace corridor to find guards staggering about, clutching their heads. Two Gastropods enter the corridor, and one of the disorientated guards opens fire on the creatures. "You'll certainly be all right," observes the Doctor. The confrontation between the Chamberlain and Hugo was originally set inside the TARDIS, but this was shifted into the passages.

The final TARDIS scene was rewritten prior to recording. Originally, the Doctor explains to Peri that he didn't say goodbye to Hugo because he likes Jaconda and intends to return one day to see him. Peri accuses him of being pedantic and asks him if he was upset by Azmael's death, fearing that he is going to have another fit. The Doctor says that he has stabilised and reminds the girl, "I am not only from another culture, but another planet. I am an alien. Therefore I am bound to have different values and customs" – adding that his former self indulged in a "repressed behaviour pattern. I was on the verge of becoming neurotic." The final sequences were then generally as per the broadcast version.

Continuity references included a mention of the Eye of Orion (seen in *The Five Doctors*) in Part One, the Doctor saying "Brave heart, Tegan" (a Fifth Doctor line favoured by Saward) to Peri in Part Two, and mention of the Doctor regenerating twice since his last meeting with Azmael.

On Monday 19 March, Steven would write a letter to the production office saying that working on his *Doctor Who* scripts had been challenging and enjoyable; he praised Saward for his 'innovative and excellent' editing work.

Baker recorded his regeneration scene – with Moffatt present in Harper's studio – on the evening of Thursday 12 January. Rehearsals for *The Twin Dilemma* then began at the BBC's Acton facilities on Saturday 14. Bryant was very nervous about switching co-stars and, since she was new to the series, felt that it was not her place to welcome Baker; this resulted in Baker initially thinking her stand-offish. Baker thought long about his approach to performing the Doctor; he was reluctant to steal from his predecessors and indicated that he would like to play each scene in a different manner and spout as many quotes as possible. The delayed start came at a time of great personal tragedy for Baker; in October his wife had given birth to a son, Jack, who, one month later, had become a cot death victim. Baker determined to raise funds for the Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths, which he does to this day.

The main guest star for the serial was Maurice Denham, a veteran actor, then in his seventies, who had been working on the stage since 1934. His film work included *Night of the Demon*, *Sink the Bismarck* and *Nicholas and Alexandra*, while he found fame on radio with comedies *ITMA* and *Much-Binding-In-The-Marsh*; his television appearances included *The Lotus Eaters*, *Fall of Eagles* and *The Old Men at the Zoo*. Playing the villainous Mestor was Edwin Richfield, who had appeared as Captain Hart in *The Sea Devils*; Moffatt cast him for his strong voice, since he would be encased within a huge costume. As Lieutenant Hugo Lang, Moffatt cast Kevin McNally; McNally had appeared in *I, Claudius* and *Poldark*. Barry Stanton, playing Noma, had been in the sitcom *Now and Then* and would later feature in *Mann's Best Friend*. Dennis Chinnery, playing Professor Sylvest, had appeared as Albert C Richardson in *The Chase* and as Gharman in *Genesis of the Daleks*. Helen Blatch, playing Fabian, was a voice artiste who had worked on *The Deadly Assassin*.

The main casting problem was the Sylvest twins. Going through the casting directory *Spotlight*, Moffatt had found several twins, including a pair of girls whom he thought suitable. However, Nathan-Turner was keen that the twins should be boys, narrowing Moffatt's choices to Andrew and Paul Conrad, recommended by their agent at the eleventh hour. Moffatt was unhappy with their casting, feeling that the boys were inexperienced, betrayed little expression and had flat voices, one with a lisp. Paul had to adopt the stage name of 'Gavin' for his appearance, since an actor called Paul Conrad was already registered with actor's union Equity. The boys, however, were very diligent, and Denham was particularly patient with them.

Production on *The Twin Dilemma* got underway in TC8 on Monday 24 January with an evening recording session running between 7.30 and 10pm. As usual, the director opted to record as much of the serial in narrative order as possible. Because of this, the first evening saw the taping of Part One scenes set in the TARDIS, Edgeworth's Spacecraft and the Safe House on Titan Three, plus early TARDIS scenes for Part Two. Baker and Bryant retained their costumes as per the end of *The Caves of Androzani* for the start of Part One, changing into new outfits during recording; Peri's costume for *The Twin Dilemma* was originally to be a blue striped trouser suit, which Nathan-

PRESS CALL THE NEW DOCTOR

On Tuesday 10 January – the day that *The Twin Dilemma* should have entered studio – Colin Baker appeared in costume at a photocall for the first time. John Nathan-Turner organised the photo opportunity featuring the TARDIS prop in the rain-swept Hammersmith Park (behind Television Centre), and then conducted a press conference for Baker – who had wielded a multi-coloured umbrella throughout the photocall, due to the weather – in a basement function room. Baker described his new Doctor as being a distinctly less accessible crusader in space. To inspire further press coverage, Nathan-Turner also indicated that the familiar police box shape of the TARDIS was set to change in forthcoming serials. This, in particular, caught the journalists' attention; *The Star*, *Daily Mirror*, *The Sun* and the *Daily Mail* all covered the photocall on Wednesday 11.

Mestor's grisly demise

Turner vetoed on the grounds that it was not revealing enough. The TARDIS wardrobe included many garments taken from the BBC costume store; several *Blake's 7* outfits (including one worn by regular Dayna) appeared on the racks, along with *Doctor Who* outfits including items worn by Tegan and Romana, Vogan gear (from *Revenge of the Cybermen*) and costumes worn by Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee in *The Five Doctors*.

The bird-like Jocondans evolved during production; the designers did little research and hoped to keep costs down, thus an idea to give them wings was dropped. Baron cast the heads, which incorporated a plastic nose and horns; the wigs used specially supplied feathers which were sewn in, causing continuity problems regarding placement of the feathers glued to the actors' faces. The aliens were given a metallic-looking skin using blue-grey make-up; their costumes also reflected this look, comprising metallic lining fabrics mounted on calico.

The Edgeworth's Spaceship set included a CSO screen on which images of Lang's ship could later be added. Cross-fades and a purple lighting effect were used for the teleport scenes. The Safe House set made use of many stock control panels, including several redressed from *Four to Doomsday*. For those scenes in which Edgeworth communicates with Mestor, a red glow appeared over Denham and a close-up of Mestor's face was superimposed.

Mestor's costume was constructed by freelance designer Richard Gregory, who had been recommended to Godfrey; she had researched slugs for the look of the Gastropod creatures. Four Gastropods were made; the detailed Mestor, two basic outfits worn by extras in Part Three, and a final one for Mestor's death scene. The costumes comprised three layers of material mounted on a calico base, with the top level being a shiny-looking fabric called organza over which was placed a fibreglass carapace with textured latex. To ensure that Richfield's costume was as comfortable as possible, Gregory's UNIT 22 had taken a body cast of the actor.

SCRIPTING MESTOR AND THE GASTROPODS

In the script, Mestor is described as "half slug, half man . . . [he] slowly stands up and lets out a quiet, but evil laugh". His voice is "smooth, deep, dangerous, rotten – a voice at once subtle and full of menace." Mestor's form of torture is embolism, and in Part Three a luckless Jocondan pleads to the Gastropod to avoid this fate: "But it's going to be bubbles in the blood stream just the same" indicates the stage direction as the prisoner is "bathed in a greenish light" and Mestor emits a "supersonic note"; the prisoner goes through the motions of "a diver suffering the extremities of the bends". The murals which the Doctor's party find in the Jocondan corridors "remind us irresistibly of Minoan wall-painting. But Gastropods instead of bulls". In the script for Part Four, when Peri is brought before Mestor, the Gastropod finds her pleasing because of its "human ancestry"; the implication of the remark "makes [Peri] shrink with horror".

Rehearsals recommenced at Acton the same day; the cast were now joined by Seymour Green, formerly Hargreaves in *The Seeds of Doom*. By the time the stars returned, a bond was developing between Baker and Bryant. Ad-libs – such as Hugo and the Doctor correcting Peri's American pronunciation of 'lieutenant' in Part Three, plus the 'foul pest' comments in Part Four – were worked out in rehearsals. The script for Part Three was rewritten to expand dialogue concerning Azmael's trust in Drak. At the end of the same episode, the Doctor's speech regarding imminent doomsday was substantially reduced. Originally, the Doctor was to have said: "Your sun is a dying sun. It will warm Jaconda for another fifty million years if you leave well alone. But do this awful thing . . . My friend, your sun's no longer stable. It is going to explode."

The following day, Tuesday 25, an afternoon recording took place between 2.30 and 5.15pm in addition to the evening session. This covered Part Two scenes in the Safe House, the TARDIS Console Room and the Ducting. Edgeworth's 'revitalising modulator' was a lit recess into which Denham stepped and, via a post-production effect, 'vanished' into an outline of lights. Other effects shots included Peri's disappearing from the Safe House in a blaze of white light, and her subsequent materialisation in the TARDIS.

Recording during the afternoon and evening of Wednesday 26 required neither Baker nor Bryant, centring on the Part One Twins' Playroom and Ops Room scenes, plus the Edgeworth's Spacecraft Bridge scenes for Parts Two and Three. The Playroom featured CSO screens onto which the computer-generated game of 'equations' could later be added. Similarly, 'computer data' on the XV773 Space Hopper was fed to a screen in the Ops Room set.

With recording complete, Nathan-Turner, Baker and Bryant flew out to appear at an American convention on Saturday 28 (this being Baker's first appearance before a fan audience).

During rehearsals for the second block, Moffatt fitted in two days' location filming of Parts One and Two scenes set on the surface of Titan Three. Shooting on 16mm film began on Tuesday 7 February at the Springwell Quarry of CJ Wren & Sons at Springwell Lane, Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire. The only cast members required were Baker, Bryant and McNally. Shooting on the first-cold, windy day wrapped as the light began to fade at 4.30pm.

The next day, Wednesday 8, was sunnier; filming took place at the Gerrards Cross Sand and Gravel Pits at Wapseys Wood, Gerrards Cross in Hertfordshire, the venue for Part Three's Jaconda scenes. Moffatt had wanted a burned forest area to show the devastation on the grove, but instead some burned tree stumps were placed – along with a Gastropod 'slime trail' – in the sandy quarry. Shooting wrapped at 4pm.

In addition to this 'live action' filming, a small amount of model shooting was conducted. Most of this involved the XV773 Space Hopper Mark Three freighter, but shots of the Titan Three Safe House and its destruction, plus the Gastropod egg galleries, were also necessary.

Recording began again in TC3 on the evening of Tuesday 14 February; this day included all the scenes with the Gastropod extras and, as with the first block, was shot largely in narrative order. After picking up the Part One Mestor's Throne Room scene, recording

BBC Video [3]

of Part Three continued with sequences set in the Passages, Throne Room and Edgeworth's Lab. Richfield asked to have the head of his Mestor costume removed frequently to alleviate his claustrophobia.

Wednesday's taping spanned the afternoon (2.30 to 6pm) and the evening. Firstly, work on the Part Three scenes in Edgeworth's Lab, Corridor and Throne Room was completed. Recording then continued into Part Four, with all the scenes in Edgeworth's Lab and some sequences in the passages near the TARDIS. A CSO 'observation panel' allowed the model film 'embolism ray' used by Mestor, the red glow of Lang's gun, the blue force field protecting Mestor and the black spiral leaving Azmael's dying body.

All the episodes were long, with Parts Two and Four still over-running after editing. Two short scenes were cut from Part One. After Edgeworth receives directions from Mestor, there was to be a short scene in the throne room where Mestor says: "Remember Edgeworth . . . I shall be inside your mind . . . wherever you are." There was also a sequence where Fabian learns that she has lost five pursuit ships, and reluctantly decides to inform the Ministry.

"The Twin Dilemma was one of the worst ones I did, a terrible mish-mash. It didn't work" Peter Moffatt

The Doctor hears the dying words of fallen friend Azmael (Maurice Denham)

of the egg gallery to be inserted later on. The handguns used by Lang and Noma fired small flash charges, so additional video effects were not needed; a mattress was placed out of shot so McNally could fling himself to the floor during the gun battle in the passages.

Recording on the season ended on Thursday 16 with afternoon and evening work in TC3; a photocall for Baker, Bryant, the guest cast and the Jocondans was also held this day. Scenes were recorded in Mestor's Throne Room plus various passages and corridors, as were all the TARDIS Console Room scenes for Parts Three and Four. For Mestor's destruction, the fourth Gastropod costume was rigged to emit foam as it disintegrated; Richfield had also pre-recorded some of his Mestor dialogue which Denham mimed to during the possesion sequence. Azmael was seen to crumble to dust through a roll-back-and-mix effect.

The Twin Dilemma's gallery effects were added in TC1 on Monday 20 February. The 'equations' game played by the twins was devised by Dave Chapman on a BBC computer. Few effects were needed: several CSO images, plus the green

Part Two lost the middle of one scene when it was split in two and used to frame a short scene showing Lang in the TARDIS. Set in the Safe House, it had Edgeworth ordering Noma to seal the duct entrance, with Drak announcing that the radiation level of the transmat control has dropped. Edgeworth then informs the Doctor and Peri that they will have warmth, light and comfort. A short scene showing Azmael's party materialising aboard the XV773 was also removed; this had Edgeworth saying he wants to check on the power banks, and ordering Drak to guard the boys. Another cut came as the Doctor gave a cry of "Eureka!" while working out the combination of the doors on the blackboard. There was also a trim to the end of the scene in which Edgeworth's ship takes off, with Azmael saying that the twins do not need locking up this time. Brief scenes showing Hugo in the TARDIS were also trimmed.

The end of one Part Three scene was cut. The Doctor is leading the way to the palace when Peri voices the hope that they won't get lost, to which the Doctor cheerfully replies, "Oh, there's every possibility of that." Another scene to have its conclusion removed was a laboratory sequence between Edgeworth and the twins; here, the boys berate the old man, saying that his attempts to "play with the universe as though it were a toy" will end in "death and disaster".

Numerous cuts were made to Part Four, largely affecting scenes featuring the Chamberlain. The end of the opening scene was cut, removing Mestor's telling Noma that he senses two invaders beside the incubation chamber. The start of the scene in which the twins get their memories back was likewise trimmed; in this, the boys force Azmael to remove their rings. The start of the scene in which Mestor tells the Chamberlain to find the TARDIS was removed. Mestor, lost in thought, says "That was predictable, Doctor." "May we share the joke, Master?" asks the Chamberlain. "No!" replies Mestor. "How right you are," grovels his lackey. "What business is it of mine to enquire what amuses the great Lord Mestor?"

An entire short sequence in which the Chamberlain and his two guards are moving through the passages of the palace to find the TARDIS was cut; the Chamberlain complains about always getting the dirty jobs. One of the guards sniggers. "It's all right for you. I'm a royal chamberlain, not an errand boy," says the Chamberlain. Mestor's voice echoes inside the official's head: "You are what I command you to be!", at which the Chamberlain hurriedly explains that he was only joking. A brief scene in the throne room had Mestor dismissing the guards, saying that he wishes to meet the Time Lords alone.

Another short scene later in the episode had the Doctor and Azmael strolling towards the palace, with Azmael telling the Doctor not to underestimate Mestor – although only a slug, he had the power to reach across the universe and destroy Hugo's squadron. They arrive at the throne room and meet the guards, whereupon the Doctor says: "You know, since my regeneration I feel much more confident. It surprises me I hung on to my former self for so long. I was too agreeable, too self-effacing. And far too tolerant." Azmael eyes the Doctor suspiciously. In the original script for this scene, cut prior to recording, the Doctor also tells Azmael that he had been on

SCRIPT EDITING PART FOUR

A major speech from the Doctor was removed from the final episode. This was to occur prior to his entry to the hatchery: Azmael questions the Doctor's wisdom in giving the twins' calculations to the computer, whereupon the Doctor says "Wise . . .? Wisdom? I am a renegade Time Lord who travels the universe in a rickety Tardis with a motley selection of alien companions. Is that wisdom? Of course it isn't. What do I know about wisdom? I should have stayed on Gallifrey, in the warm, in my workshop. I could have been Lord President by now . . . What am I saying: I am Lord President! I must go home! Too long have I resisted my responsibilities. Too long have I been out in the cold. I – I – I must reform. Become one of the team –" Peri snaps the Doctor out of his self-pity so that they can enter the egg room, with the Doctor pondering "Essence is the speed . . . Or is it speed is the essence?"

NOVELISATION TARGET BOOKS

Eric Saward took the opportunity to novelise Anthony Steven's *Twin Dilemma* scripts – which he had worked on substantiallly, injecting far more humour into the narrative. Andrew Skilleter was commissioned to produce the cover artwork for *Doctor Who – The Twin Dilemma*, but when his first attempt, featuring the Doctor's face, was offered to Colin Baker's agent for approval, the agent contacted WH Allen to discuss a fee for the right to use his client's likeness. The publishers did not respond, and hastily commissioned Skilleter to paint a second cover, not featuring Baker. The book was published in hardback in September 1985, with a Target paperback (Book No. 103) in March 1986. The book was reissued in January 1993 with a new cover by Alister Pearson.

Jaconda for too long and was out of touch, and also an outburst that he was a Time Lord and sick of grovelling. At the editing stage, Moffatt trimmed Mestor's death to a minimum, finding it unnecessary and overlong. The disintegration of Edgeworth was also removed.

A great deal of the Chamberlain's pleading with Lang was cut to a minimum. Originally, the lackey offers money to escape Jaconda: "Six million. And you're taking the clothing from my mother's back." Hugo declines, saying he wouldn't want to deprive her. The official then offers seven million. "And leave your father naked too? Come now!" teases Hugo. The twins offer to learn how to fly the TARDIS for the Chamberlain, but ask for ten million, which he accedes to at the end of the scene.

The composer for the serial was Malcolm Clarke of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, who had scored *The Sea Devils* in 1972, working regularly on the series since *Earthshock* in 1981. Clarke composed around 51 minutes' music for the serial, although his style was not to Moffatt's liking. A reference to Tegan derived from Clarke's *Resurrection of the Daleks* score.

The Twin Dilemma used a new 35mm film title sequence, designed by Sid Sutton with Terry Handley; again, this was based on the Tom Baker titles created in 1980. In addition to using new images – a photograph of Colin Baker's face, plus a slightly modified version of the neon logo – the titles were re-shot through a prism to give a rainbow filter effect; Nathan-Turner also suggested that two shots of the Doctor should be mixed to make him appear to smile. Peter Howell's arrangement of the theme music was also slightly amended to match the new visuals.

The major publicity effort for Baker's debut began on Thursday 15 March (the day *The Caves of Androzani* Part Three was broadcast) with a photocall for Baker and Bryant. That afternoon, Baker appeared in costume on *Blue Peter* and was interviewed by presenter Janet Ellis (who, he noted, had appeared in *The Horns of Nimon*); four extracts from *The Twin Dilemma* Part One were shown. The same day, *Radio Times* carried a one-page colour feature entitled *A Dream Comes True for Doctor Who*; a small photograph of Baker accompanied the listing for Part One.

On Saturday 17, Baker and Bryant appeared in costume on *Saturday Superstore*, where they answered viewers' telephone questions and chatted with Anthony Ainley's Master; the same day there were comments about the new Doctor in the *Daily Express*, plus observations about the Master's apparent demise in *Planet of Fire* Part Four. *Blue Peter*'s coverage of the series continued on Monday 19 with a competition to win a Gastropod egg. On Tuesday 20, Baker and Davison appeared together on BBC1's *Harty*. The day of *The Twin Dilemma*'s debut, Thursday 22, Baker and Bryant appeared on *Breakfast Time*.

The Twin Dilemma ran against the likes of *Knight Rider* and *Carry On Laughing* in London on Thursdays and *The Zodiac Game* on Fridays; other ITV regions showed *Emmerdale Farm* on Thursdays and *The Fall Guy* on Fridays. Viewing figures were steady, at around seven million; the same was true of the audience appreciation index.

The serial was sold abroad to various countries. ABC in Australia screened it in June 1984, Lionheart distributed the serial in North America (where it is also syndicated as a one hour 32 minute TV Movie); and New Zealand broadcast it in August 1989.

BBC Video released the serial in May 1992, initially only through branches of Woolworths; the cover was by Andrew Skilleter. UK Gold broadcast the serial in episodic form in September/October 1994 with compilation broadcasts in 1994, 1996 and 1998. The BBC retain the original one-inch videotapes. DWM

The Doctor cooped up in Edgeworth's lab with avian adversaries Noma (Barry Stanton) and Drak (Oliver Smith).

SERIAL 6S THE TWIN DILEMMA

CAST **Colin Baker** *The Doctor* with **Nicola Bryant** *Peri*, **Dennis Chinnery** *Sylvest* [1], **Gavin Conrad** *Romulus*, **Andrew Conrad** *Remus*, **Maurice Denham** *Edgeworth*, **Oliver Smith** *Drak*, **Barry Stanton** *Noma*, **Edwin Richfield** Mestor, **Kevin McNally** *Hugo Lang**, **Helen Blatch** *Fabian* [1], **Dione Inman** *Elena* [1], **Seymour Green** *Chamberlain* [3-4], **Roger Nott** *Prisoner* [3], **John Wilson** *Jocondan Guard* [3].
*Billed in *Radio Times* as Hugo

EXTRAS **Sarah Best**, **John Clamp**, **Keith Norrish** *Technicians in Ops Room*; **Les Conrad**, **Robert Smyth**, **Mike Mungarvan**, **Graham Cole**, **Mark Bessenger**, **David Ransley** *Jocondan Guards*; **Robert Sands**, **Chris Wortman**, **Jackie Elsdon** *Peasants*; **Colin Baker** *Jocondan Voice*; **Steve Wickham**, **Ridgewell Hawkes** *Gastropods*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Anthony Steven**. *Title Music Composed by* **Ron Grainer**. *Incidental Music* **Malcolm Clarke**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**, **BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Production Manager* **Michael A Treen**. *Production Associate* **June Collins**. *Production Assistant* **Christine Fawcett**. *Assistant Floor Managers* **Stephen Jeffery-Poulter** [3-4], **Beth Millward**. *Film Cameramen* **John Baker** [1-3], **John Walker** [1-3]. *Film Sound* **Malcolm Campbell** [1-3]. *Film Editor* **Iain McKendrick** [1-3]. *Visual Effects Designer* **Stuart Brisdon**. *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman**. *Vision Mixer* **Dinah Long**. *Technical Co-ordinator* **Alan Arbuthnott**. *Camera Supervisor* **Alec Wheal**. *Videotape Editor* **Hugh Parson**. *Lighting Director* **Don Babbage**. *Studio Sound* **Scott Talbott**. *Costume Designer* **Pat Godfrey**. *Make-Up Designer* **Denise Baron**. *Script Editor* **Eric Saward**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**, **Terry Handley**. *Designer* **Valerie Warrender**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director* **Peter Moffatt**. *BBC © 1984*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*Drn.*	*Rating (pos.)*	*A.App*
Part One	22 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	24'42"	7.6M (66th)	61
Part Two	23 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	25'09"	7.4M (71st)	66
Part Three	29 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	24'27"	7.0M (59th)	59
Part Four	30 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	25'04"	6.3M (67th)	67

BBC Video [1]

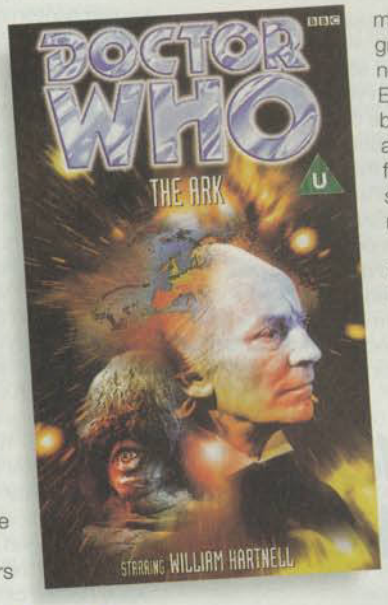
Shelf Life

In which the First Doctor squares up to a rumble in the jungle

And Dave Owen discovers that the old school ties still bind

DOCTOR WHO: THE ARK

Video BBC Video **Featuring** The First Doctor, Steven & Dodo **RRP** £11.99 **Cat No** BBCV 6609 **Available** 5 October



Watching Richard Herring's *Playing Hide and Seek With Jesus* at this year's Edinburgh Fringe, I was acutely embarrassed when a leading character, clearly modelled on myself, was castigated by his peers for exploiting every opportunity to celebrate seventies children's television. Before going out to see the play, I had watched *The Ark*, and mentally noted that it featured a *Blue Peter* presenter (Peter Purves), *Grange Hill*'s Mr Bronson (Michael Sheard) and the unmissable tones of *Rainbow*'s Zippy (Roy Skelton). Such anchors of my television childhood are all the more noticeable when appearing, as here, in a curiously timeless piece of monochrome prophecy.

In *The Ark*, the visuals far outshine the universally dreadful performances

Yes, timeless. Although *Doctor Who* fans can pinpoint the production to early 1966, film buffs will find echoes of William Cameron Menzies' 1936 *Things to Come* in its Olympian depiction of mankind's triumphs against adversity (in this case, the survival of the race following the destruction of Earth) signposted by the erection of a colossal statue of *homo futuris*. And were it not for the giveaway sequences early on in which a technician is sentenced to miniaturisation, the gradual exploration of their landing site by the Doctor, Steven and Dodo (in which, accompanied by a plonking score, they posit that they are on Earth, but an Earth in which humanity no longer survives) the narrative would resonate strongly with the concluding revelation of the 1968 film *Planet of the Apes*.

The opening episode in particular is a stylistic coup, emphasising that Michael Imison is directing as though for film wherever possible. He allows pictures, rather than dialogue, to tell stories unaccompanied – the pan back to reveal an alien hand, the continually challenging employment of a crane camera to make what is already an adequately large jungle set appear anachronistically spacious. Of the Hartnell era's ubiquitous jungles and forests (this being the eighth, by my reckoning) this is made by far the most enthralling by the gradual revelation that it is not a natural jungle, nor on Earth, not even on a planet, but an artificial repository of all the Earth's flora and fauna. Which is, alas, the story's only great SF moment.

The concept – or indeed, the sets – are the stars of a story which goes against the *Doctor Who* norm of believable performances underpinning the incredible. Strangely, it is ideas and visuals which far outshine universally dreadful performances. The otherwise aptly sombre tone is disrupted by the presumably late interpolation of Jackie Lane as Dodo, who has overnight acquired a north-west England accent somewhat less convincing than Jane Leeves' bastardised tones as *Frasier*'s Daphne. Her curious 30 year-old teenager is partnered by Peter Purves as Steven, the companion with a perpetual desire to be elsewhere. Their mentor, William Hartnell's Doctor, has the temerity to upbraid Dodo on her use of English despite his own inability to issue a sentence conforming even remotely to the rules of grammar. Advising her to look after her clothes, for instance, he comes up with: "You take care of them. You never know when they might use them." People who live in glass houses shouldn't star in successful children's adventure series.

I remember few of the names of the human guardians of this latter-day Ark (the Old Testament story having passed out of circulation, like the common cold, until Dodo inadvertently reintroduces both 10 million years hence), but the principal characters in the first two episodes conform to stereotype. There's a young hothead, Zentos, advocating execution of our heroes – in the seventies, he'd doubtless have been played by Prentis Hancock – and an utterly ineffectual older commander who counters with reason. Things improve little 700 years later, when the Ark has reached its destination. Uniquely, inexplicably, the TARDIS travels in time only, returning the travellers for a final two episodes. The Hancockesque hothead has been usurped by the revolutionary Monoid One, whose macho rhetoric and deafening hand gestures more than match his predecessor's. The Monoids had been the humans' servants 700 years earlier, their Ringo Starr moptops making their solitary eyes all the more disturbing. Alas, their subsequent acquisition of voices means that their performances can then sink to the diabolical level which prevails.

This is, nevertheless, a remarkable example of ambitious mid-sixties television. Be prepared for a story which fails to maintain its initial innovative promise, and enjoy the visuals. And be grateful that these episodes exist, because on audio only they would be unbearable.

DOCTOR WHO: MATRIX

Novel BBC Books **Authors** Robert Perry & Mike Tucker **Featuring** The Seventh Doctor & Ace **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40596 1 **Available** 5 October

Few single-word titles could evoke so many preconceptions as *Matrix*. One confidently assumes that the haunting landscape in which the Doctor and Ace find themselves first trapped in a lighthouse and then pursued across a battlefield is a simulation within Robert Holmes' Gallifreyan Amplified Panatropic Computer Network, and that they will spend the remainder of the novel fighting their virtual opponent and finding their way out. Pah! Such a storyline would be the preserve of such a lumbering vehicle as *Star Trek*'s weary holodeck. Instead, it's merely a prelude to a shockingly imaginative journey through *Doctor Who*'s own formative mythology.

When things start going Dali-style pear-shaped for our heroes, the Doctor chooses a safe haven for his companion, taking her to 1963 London specifically to lodge her with his first incarnation, rather as young married couples leave their babies with their parents. The nightmare which awaits them challenges even *Shelf Life*'s weekends home. History has diverged around the Jack the Ripper murders

– London has never recovered from his spectre, the two World Wars are subsequently affected, and Kennedy is ripped asunder by a mob of Jackolytes on a 1963 visit to a walled London which has assumed the role of post-war Berlin.

This compellingly grim setting is where the Doctor and Ace we know must ingratiate themselves with an Ian and Barbara we almost know in order to escape curfew. No book could follow such a perfect scene-setting and conjunction of the television series' Alpha and Omega, but Perry and Tucker plough gamely on, taking the Doctor and Ace back to the 1800s, where the problem originated – and where the Doctor disappears from the story, leaving Ace on her own (rather as he did in extraordinarily similar circumstances in the *New Adventure Birthright*, even down to a defunct TARDIS being left abandoned on the banks of the Thames).

DOCTOR WHO: THE JANUS CONJUNCTION

Novel BBC Books **Author** Trevor Baxendale
Featuring The Eighth Doctor & Sam **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 40599 6 **Available** 5 October

This being the 1990s and all that, *Shelf Life* is determined to stay in office by avoiding any accusations of sleaze or corruption. I must therefore make a declaration, if not of interest then of involvement, since the author of *The Janus Conjunction* is someone with whom I attended secondary school for seven years. It's been a long time since we each had our scribblings marked in red pen by the English department of a certain Merseyside Boys' Grammar, and it seems peculiar to be adopting the role of our gowned educators. I shall be firm but fair, young Baxendale, and trust that the canings which so deafening Message of it all is that tampering with nature and ancient civilisations is bad, and that farming is like, so much cooler than war, man.

This is no-risks *Doctor Who* by numbers and as such cannot possibly fail. These precepts evolved over 26 years of one of the most successful children's television series ever made, and stand the author in good stead. For reference to the Eighth Doctor, he goes straight to the TV Movie, where he finds a Doctor who drinks tea by the gallon like an archetypal English gentleman, and uses the TARDIS' Temporal Orbit to cheat his way out of trouble like an *actual* English gentleman.

The nearest Eighth Doctor book to this is *Kursaal*; there's a similar amount of bloodshed, physical pain and possession. Both books adhere to unspoken norms of the television series; adventures are done and dusted in a day or two, the Doctor and Sam are separated, making enemies and allies along the way, and the Doctor is recognised as a unique adversary by his opponent.

Why then, should we sophisticated **DWM** readers bother with *The Janus Conjunction*? What is unique or different about it? Overwhelmingly, because it is a straightforward, well-focused story, told without any personal agenda, which rarely sags in interest. That, I'm sad to observe, is something of a rarity in *Doctor Who* fiction in 1998, and makes this book a compulsory set text for those aspiring to join the ranks of *Doctor Who* authors. Trevor was never much of a show-off at school, and it seems he hasn't changed in this respect. Sensation-seekers looking to be overwhelmed by another *Alien Bodies* or seduced by another *Scarlet Empress* may wish to take a month off – but, like *The Bodysnatchers* or *Kursaal*, *The Janus Conjunction*, in its own quiet way, is a spanking good read.

As a first novel, *The Janus Conjunction* is remarkable for its restraint

Ace's subsequent adventures among the down-and-outs of London showcase her character and bravely explore the hitherto ignored area of her infection with the power of the Cheetah People's planet in *Survival*. This realm of gin palaces and rooming houses, all shrouded in smoggy darkness, will delight those, like me, who would have preferred all 14 episodes of *The Trial of a Time Lord* to resemble its 13th.

The Seventh Doctor of Virgin's *New Adventures* was occasionally a more noble and less crumpled figure than Sylvester McCoy's goofy portrayal. *Matrix* recaptures the television version perfectly, emphasising the performance rather than the words, especially when the Time Lord has lost his memories and identity and is forced to scrape by as an idiot savant, at a loss as to the origin of his abilities. Bereft of the Doctor's verbal baggage, Sylvester McCoy shines through.

This is an impressive second novel from a team who had thus far excelled at the vignette, yet not quite mastered the longer form. Unlike their debut novel, *Illegal Alien*, which had the measured to-ing and fro-ing which characterises a staid *Missing Adventure*, this volume has the sparkle and surprise associated with the more groundbreaking *New Adventures*, along with their emphasis on using Ace as the story's focus. Perhaps the price of keeping the concepts fresh and dynamic is that just a week after finishing the book, this reader cannot actually remember its resolution or explanations. But the same might be said of all fast-paced adventure stories, and this does mean that *Matrix* now joins the tottering pile of *Doctor Who* books I would like to re-read sometime in the mid-21st century.

enriched our young lives will no longer prove necessary.

This is a remarkable first novel, if only for its restraint. Rather than overloading the pages with long-nurtured theories on what colour the Doctor's underpants are (or worse, why they are so), retold versions of formative experiences, ingenious explanations of televised inconsistencies, and chapter titles that accurately catalogue the author's record collection, Baxendale (I'm sorry, it was a very old-fashioned boys' school) lets the story get on with itself by adopting as many of the norms of contemporary *Doctor Who* writing as possible. Formulaic? Yes – but to employ *Shelf Life*'s well-worn culinary metaphor one more time, one stands a better chance of baking a successful first cake by following a recipe than by whooshing up one's favourite ingredients and hoping. A transmat link between twin planets ensures that, in perennial *Doctor Who* style, the setting is big but cosy. It is peopled by two factions of humans – on television, they'd be wearing costumes in contrasting primary colours – who are waging a war in which one side is assisted by a technology which nearly overwhelms the other. The native fauna – which conveniently resembles a familiar Earth creature, the spider (albeit magnified in size) – is being immorally harnessed, and the

DOCTOR WHO: THE TELEVISION COMPANION

Non-fiction BBC Books **Authors** David J Howe & Stephen James Walker **RRP** £8.99
ISBN 0 563 40588 0 **Available** Now

Non-fiction *Doctor Who* works have either been timid paperbacks which nestle unobtrusively at the ends of rows of similar-sized novels, or gaudy large-format affairs with plenty of photographs and fewer facts – new, good or otherwise. Few of either can truly be said to be an encyclopaedia – the definition of such a tome surely includes not only its potential utility as a wildflower press, but also the arrangement of its contents in some kind of alphabetical order. Lance Parkin's 1995 *History of the Universe* came close on both fronts, by arranging its contents in chronological rather than transmitted order – and although short of the requisite mass to act as doorstop, it was at least handy for killing wasps. But what *Doctor Who* has never had is a *Halliwell's*.

Lest this term be confusing to Spice Girls fans, or non-film buffs, let me point out that *Halliwell's Film Guide* is a regularly updated affair that provides skeletal production and plot details of every film you are likely to be able to see, along

with thumbnail reviews to assist readers struggling to decide what to watch, rent, or venture to the BFI to see. Such volumes are a godsend for media types who may be unsure who directed *Things to Come*, or the year of release of *Planet of the Apes* (see *The Ark* above). And had *Shelf Life* really cared about who played Zentos in *The Ark*, then rather than winding all the way through to the closing credits to find out, it would surely have turned to a *Doctor Who* programme guide.

Thumbing through the well-signposted *Television Companion*, I see that it was none other than Inigo Jackson. Fascinatingly, he also appeared in *Doctor Zhivago* (1965) alongside Mark Eden (*Marco Polo*) and Adrienne Corri (*The Leisure Hive*). Alas, such cinematic trivia was gleaned by a simple World Wide Web search, whereas all that the *Television Companion* can tell me of note is that having rehearsed the story in a Cockney accent, Jackie Lane was forced to deliver her performance in 'BBC English' [sic]. The term 'BBC English' is presented in quotes – presumably to protect the authors from charges of inaccuracy, given that Jackie Lane is clearly attempting *Play For Today* Lancastrian throughout. What makes this peculiar assertion all the more disturbing is that many of the entries in the book include a subsection titled *Popular Myths* in which supposedly Well Known Facts about the series are debunked.

These provide, in many cases, startling revelations. I cannot now believe that for over a decade I have laboured under misapprehensions as absurd as thinking that *State of Decay*, like *Full Circle*, was filmed at Black Park, near Pinewood Studios (what sane production team would shoot the alien locale for two consecutive stories in the same place?) This kind of jolt is addictive, and makes what might otherwise be a dry compendium of (undoubtedly more correct than previously) information memorable.

Less welcome are the *Analysis* sections which comprise the bulk of each entry. *Shelf Life* was fairly blunt about joint authors David J Howe and Stephen James Walker's prose style when summing up their previous *Doctor Who: The Eighties*, and has no choice but to be just as brutal here. Maybe it's to be expected from authors who choose to be credited with such meandering names, but I suspect that they're paid not by the word but the letter. Why else employ such arcana as 'adjudged' when 'judged' is just as good, or describe an accent as 'Germanic' when 'German' would do. Or 'adequately suffice', I suppose.

You can imagine them sitting in the pub like Harry Enfield and Paul Whitehouse's Self-Righteous Brothers, arms folded, staring angrily at the horse-brasses, reciting the mantra of consensus. "You have to admire Hinchcliffe." "Indeed, Stephen James, his era can only be regarded as a veritable triumph." "Exactly, David J. Only *The Android Invasion* can be adjudicated as a less than qualified success." "Quite. But if that Thomas Stuart Baker were to walk into this pub, order a pint of ginger beer – when in fact he is seen only to quaff a single 440 ml bottle – and start playing reverse darts on video disc, then I should have to say, 'Oi! Baker! No!'"

To give them their due, David and Stephen have wisely chosen not to evaluate every broadcast story unaccompanied, instead drawing deeply on contemporary and subsequent opinions expressed largely in the press for the early years and in fanzines for later stories, even incorporating promising work by an up-and-coming critic called David Owen. These views (no, not just mine!) are worthy of a book of their own, but are welcome here for adding variety to an otherwise clumsy and lumbering writing style. I have nothing but respect for the authors, whose diligence in researching facts and presenting them reveals a patience and dedication that goes beyond professionalism. However, a substantial independent copy edit, possibly adding a third credit (you could make it out of the redundant middle name and initial) to the book, would have helped make the English attractive, producing a book that would not only be more readable, but probably thinner and cheaper too. But a less useful flower press, I suppose.

Oi! BBC Worldwide! No!

AUTON 2: SENTINEL

Video BBV **Featuring** Autons, UNIT, Lockwood **RRP** £14.99 **Available** Now. Mail order only, see advertisement in **DWM** 269 for details.

After *Auton*, they really should have called this one *Autons*, so that the next one could have been *Auton*^{3}. Titular gripes aside, *Auton 2: Sentinel* is a very surprisingly welcome follow-up to last year's *Auton*, which one hopes sincerely was BBV's final attempt to emulate *The X Files*, even down to government spooks and gullible scientists chasing a ball of slime around a darkened warehouse. *Auton* was at least a great improvement on the cosiness of BBV's previous PROBE tapes, not least because Bill Baggs and company were gaining the confidence to cast their dramas from outside the *Doctor Who* convention hospitality suite; I have no idea why we fans have such a burning desire to watch drama played by people they will have a harder-than-average time accepting in new roles. (Actually, I do have a shrewd suspicion, but it doesn't do our collective reputation any favours whatsoever.)

commanding officer that this isn't getting them anywhere, showcases a character as compelling, both to other characters and the viewer, as the absent but never missed Doctor himself. Having never attempted blasphemy in print before, *Shelf Life* will even suggest than on the strength of his two appearances to date, Lockwood is a more fascinating proposition than several of the Doctor's television incarnations.

If this were not insult enough to our Beloved Institution, *Auton 2* succeeds in recreating some of its greatest moments, only to better them. The scenes showing killer Autons in boiler suits and neck scarves moving through woodlands are instantly evocative of their television debut in *Spearhead From Space*. Later, as villagers flee their local church, the allusion to the climax of *The Daemons* is unmistakable. And an almost-deserted village, bathed in bright sunlight, its occupants under the thrall of an alien force, conjures up memories of *The Android Invasion* at once. Indeed, the sheer amount of sunlight that director Nicholas Briggs manages to capture in the camera is a euphoric contrast to the gloom of *Auton*, and makes the infestation of the island village all the more perverse.

An unnecessarily talented cast boasts John Wadmore as the UNIT commander, showing there is more to his range than his sneering, ponytailed space wideboy in the Stranger series, and Jo Castleton as Natasha Alexander, UNIT's young, clairvoyant scientific adviser, who simply *must* partner Lockwood in *Auton*^{3} and any subsequent UNIT dramas. The eloquent face of the Nestene consciousness once again belongs to George Telfer, taking *Terror of the Autons*' corruption of public authority figures one stage further by appearing in a dog-collar at the church altar, where an energy sphere projects a satanic crimson glow across his plastic features. I hope Mary Whitehouse has been sent a copy.

Auton 2's writhing Nestene shames every tentacle to have ever twitched before

Auton 2 does not concentrate on its precursor's putative lead, Dr Sally Arnold (have you noticed how all female scientists and astronauts are called Sally and never, say, Tamara?), although she does appear. Instead the focus is on the enigmatic UNIT isolation team leader Lockwood, played with ascerbic vigour by Michael Wade – whose half-moon glasses and contempt for stupidity render him an amalgam of Sherlock Holmes and *House of Cards*' Francis Urquhart. Wade's Lockwood is simply the best thing to have ever happened to *Doctor Who* spin-off projects – and the most memorable scene here, where he lies uncomfortably on a grassy bank as UNIT battle the Autons all around him, like a headmaster caught up in a paintball tournament, and impatiently drawls to the

Big tentacled monsters have not been served well in *Doctor Who*; Kroll was crud, and Erato belongs in the series' errata. And those of us who were petrified by the illustrations in the novelisation *Doctor Who and the Terror of the Autons* will remember our deflation upon seeing the fuzzy blob that had actually appeared in the television production. At last, *Auton 2* delivers a writhing monstrosity that shames every tentacle to have twitched before. The CGI-produced Nestene creature is stunning, and sums up in a single image the fact that BBV has grown up and is now capable of producing a drama which in writing, performance and overall look actually eclipses the television series which inspired it.

You don't believe me? Watch the tape. You'll believe me. **DWM**

THE AUTON DIARIES

AWOL Brigadiers, umpteen scripts, 'creative tension' in spades . . . As the long-awaited *Auton 2: Sentinel* sees light of day, writer/director Nick Briggs relives being up against it in the world of the independently-produced *Doctor Who* spin-off. Photography by John Moore

Auton 2: Sentinel is the latest in a longish line of *Doctor Who*-flavoured videos produced by Bill Baggs through his company, BBV. Reeltime Pictures and Dreamwatch Media entered the fray a while back with *Downtime* and *Shakedown* respectively, but neither have been as prolific as Bill. Those other two productions were, nevertheless, vital factors in the shaping of the *Auton* trilogy. (Yes, we're planning a third one!) The story of how *Auton 2* came about, why I wrote and directed it and what that process entailed has its roots buried deep in the whole saga of the fan-produced *Doctor Who* spin-off . . .

Quite some years after Reeltime's Sergeant Benton epic *Wartime* didn't get the ball rolling, Bill Baggs took what he had learned from producing amateur *Doctor Who* audio plays and BBC Film Club productions and made a video starring Colin Baker as 'the Stranger' and Nicola Bryant as 'Miss Brown'. This tape, *Summoned by Shadows*, started off the Stranger series – six videos which became less and less like *Doctor Who* with each successive release.

This seemingly bizarre veering away from the core audience's main reason for buying the tapes was driven by two factors – Bill and me. Bill wanted to use these productions as audition tapes for *EastEnders* and *The Bill*, and I wanted to create a solid, workable story basis for the Stranger, rather than leaving the audience to make assumptions based on *Doctor Who*. I did, however, still want to deliver stories with a *Doctor Who* 'feel' to them – for my sake as well as that of the audience. I've been a fan since childhood, and I've been writing stories since then too, so I learned all my storytelling techniques from watching *Doctor Who* – and perhaps a few war movies and Westerns. The *Auton* videos are the culmination of that desire to deliver a *Doctor Who* feel, plus a little something extra.

So, what do I think a story with a *Doctor Who* 'feel' is? Well, my belief is that stories, on a very basic level, are a battle between character and plot – the people versus the events they act out. In *Doctor Who*, the plot invariably wins. *Doctor Who* stories are, largely, not about a person's emotional journey or some kind of psychological awakening, they are about mysteries which need to be solved and battles which have to be fought. These mysteries and battles are, of course, all the more engaging for the audience if the characters caught up in them are realistic – but it is the actual unfolding of events, not the characters' reactions to them, which drives a *Doctor Who* story.

These were the kind of stories I attempted to write for the Stranger series. However, Bill's

agenda was to focus the stories on a character. He wanted the Stranger series to be about the Stranger's inner turmoil first and the events in the stories second.

Hence, for me, *In Memory Alone*, for example, started out as a story about a weird alien railway station visited by the Stranger and Miss Brown – but, under Bill's direction, it became the story of the Stranger and Miss Brown's struggle to find their identities through their experiences in a weird alien railway station. The difference is subtle but enormous in terms of storytelling.

Bit-by-bit, I got my head around this approach and, at Bill's urging, each successive Stranger story was stripped of incident and story complexity in favour of emotional angst. Unfortunately, the net result was often that story details, the reasons for the emotional angst, became fuzzy, leaving the finished products lacking in clarity and, perhaps more importantly, science fiction.

What were we doing? We were trying to make serious, emotional drama, and in the process we were confounding the expectations of our core audience. It was an interesting exercise, but the end result was, arguably, not completely satisfying for anyone.

Then, some time later, came *Shakedown* and *Downtime*, plot engines revving at full power. Significantly more expensive than Bill's productions, their stories were packed with incident and special effects. They had that *Doctor Who* feel about them. *Shakedown* was particularly satisfying because it achieved what it set out to create – a late seventies *Doctor Who*-style story with monsters and spaceships. What it set out to create, however, wasn't enough for me as a viewer. I came to the conclusion that there must be a more appealing mid-ground between the glorious but superficial crash-bang-wallop of *Shakedown* and the angst-ridden navel-gazing of some of my Stranger stuff. I got the chance to find out if this was true when Reeltime's Keith Barnfather commissioned me to write a sequel to *Downtime*, featuring the Brigadier and his daughter Kate – plus those most memorable of Pertwee era monsters, the Autons.

We shall never know what that first version of *Auton* would have been like. My guess is, based on the incredibly tight schedule during the shooting of the final version, that it would have been unfinished. My last-minute total rewrite of the script, necessitated by Nick Courtney's illness, stripped the story down to basics, and diminished the page count considerably, which, not surprisingly, made it much easier to shoot.

BY THE TIME AUTON WAS COMPLETED, THE PROSPECT OF AUTON 2 FELT LIKE A NIGHTMARE!

What this cast crisis had enabled me to do was bypass the struggle of making a supporting *Doctor Who* character – the Brigadier – into *Auton*'s leading man. I had written the Brig as the hero but, in retrospect, I don't know how convincing the result would have been. The Brigadier was created as a foil for the Doctor. He is a very strong, capable character, superbly acted by that very talented, splendid fellow Nick Courtney – but the character just doesn't sit comfortably in the leading role in the same way that Inspector Morse, Professor Quatermass and Sherlock Holmes do. Suddenly, I had the freedom to create a new leading character in a science fiction/mystery/adventure story – and, in common with many leading characters in science fiction/mystery/adventure stories down the years, he would be sharp-witted, vastly intelligent, slightly mysterious and a little testy. He would be created in the image of a tradition of leading characters, of which the Doctor is only an example – albeit a masterful one.

Once I'd defined the character of Lockwood (the head of UNIT's Containment Team), the new version of *Auton* came to life on the page, especially when I had booked Mike Wade to play the part. For key characters, I find it easier to write when I can at least envisage the actor performing the lines. Similarly, I'm acting all the parts and directing the action in my head. I know I'm working with a low budget, so I always try to consider the director, because I don't want to land him with something logistically impossible to do. Right from the beginning of my involvement with Bill's videos, I was asking him if I could direct. He'd always said to me that the whole point of BBV was to give him experience as a director. Fair enough. It was his money, his show.

With *Auton* coming as a package via Keith Barnfather, the situation was different. Keith was going to direct *Auton* as a Reeltime Pictures production, then realised he didn't have the financial resources to do it at that time. I think he was also mindful that *Downtime* still hadn't recouped its costs. He therefore presented two options to me: wait a year and see whether he was in the position to do it then, or try to sell the project to someone else. Being impatient, I opted for the latter alternative. The obvious customer was Bill.

Bill was very interested, but not so pleased when I told him that if he took on the project, there was one condition – that I would be directing. I put this to him over a 'business dinner' with Keith. Bill was not happy about being hemmed in by such a strict precondition. I told him that I was not prepared to licence the script to him without being its director. After exchanging a few sharp words with us, he finished his food quickly and left the restaurant. Keith commented that this was the first time he'd seen evidence of the kind of dogged determination which enabled Bill to get projects off the ground and finished against seemingly insurmountable odds.

Not so long after this, Bill agreed to me directing *Auton* and, during the Brigadier crisis, he was highly supportive. He could have pulled the plug – what producer/backer wouldn't with his star actor missing two weeks before filming was scheduled to start? But Bill encouraged my rewrite wholeheartedly, even managing to get two significantly different drafts out of me in record time. The problems came on the first day of shooting.

Worried about my inexperience (I didn't realise just how worried), Bill had constructed a shooting schedule. However, from Day One it was utterly sunk.

Due to the kind of outrageous cock-ups which always seem to befall low-budget productions, there were no cameras, no tape stock and no Nestene Energy Units (those pulsing globe things) on the first day. Consequently, we were left twiddling our fingers for hours.

It took days for us to recover from these initial blunders. On top of that, Bill had calculated that we should be achieving, on average, about seven minutes of final footage a day. No matter how hard we tried, we seemed only to be able to get four minutes (not bad, considering we were only able to shoot between 9.30am and 5.30pm). Bill was not happy and was interfering heavily on the set, which was unsettling me and upsetting the crew, who felt there should be only one chief. He further alienated himself from everyone in a meeting of the whole team (excluding the cast, thank goodness) by telling us that he'd viewed the rushes and that he thought they weren't particularly good. It was a nasty business, but Bill's solution was swift, brutal and, it has to be said in hindsight, rather selfless. He could see that, for whatever reason, his presence was creating tension, so he was going to keep away and let us get on with it. He also decided that his shooting schedule wasn't working and that I should take over the scheduling.

The upshot of all this was that a typical day for me on *Auton* proceeded as follows: 8.30am arrival at studio; 10am start shooting, hectic day's work; push studio staff's patience to limit by working past the already extended 7.30pm deadline; go home; have long conversation on the phone with Bill about the previous day's rushes and where I was going wrong (actually quite helpful in some cases); plan next day's schedule and shooting script until midnight; get up at 4am to continue planning; continue planning on train to studios . . . It was an exquisite kind of torture.

The editing was even worse, with Bill and I not seeing eye-to-eye on most of the edit. At the root of it was a lack of trust between us. Despite the fact that we'd known and worked together for many years, our roles were suddenly different, and we just weren't trusting each other to get things right. By the time *Auton* was completed, the prospect of *Auton 2* felt like a nightmare.

Bill and I were in agreement about one thing. Despite all the problems and despite it being the cheapest *Doctor Who* spin-off ever made, *Auton* had turned out pretty okay . . . and people seemed to like it. Our initial plan had been to do three Auton stories, so Bill started asking me about a sequel.

By this time, however, I'd been promoted to Press and PR Manager at the Sci-Fi Channel and was having a shot at desk-bound responsibility (doomed to failure, I'm happy to report). I was also suffering, still, from post-*Auton* traumatic shock. I kept telling Bill that we should have a long and frank discussion on What Went Wrong Last Time. However, not being keen on rows, and being rather busy at Sci-Fi, I procrastinated somewhat, to the increasing frustration of Mr Baggs.

I eventually wrote him a letter telling him that if he couldn't increase the budget and couldn't stop interfering, I wasn't really interested at the moment. This was followed by a phone conversation with Bill, which I was forced to have at my Sci-Fi desk within earshot of several colleagues. Suffice it to say that, by the time I'd put the phone down, they were making raucous comments along the lines of 'Woah! I wouldn't want to get on the wrong side of Briggsy!' However, Bill and I seemed to reach some sort of understanding, which basically involved him apologising a lot. But we still hadn't reached any agreement on *Auton 2*.

Then came a bit of a personal revelation for me. I suddenly thought, 'There are thousands of people who want to make films, but they can't find money or an audience – I'm being offered both and I'm fannying around being awkward about it.' I phoned Bill and told him I wanted to do *Auton 2*.

Of course, time never stands still for Mr Baggs. He'd already commissioned a script from someone else, so he suggested I should direct that. And this is where it gets really pretentious . . . I'd created the characters (aside from the Autons, naturally) and had started them off on their fictional journey. It was a journey I wanted to continue. What I'm interested in is communication through stories. I'm interested in any part of it, acting, writing, directing, even doing sound effects and music (to varying degrees of success!), so the ideal and most exciting place for me to be in is a position of responsibility for the total creative process – that's what being the director is all about. For me, there's nothing more fulfilling than creating an idea, then a story, then having the job of actually making it appear on the screen. It has invariably turned out to be a struggle of nightmarish proportions, but the fun I have doing it and the sense of achievement when it's over is quite the most rewarding experience I've had in my working life.

In many ways, it would have been an extremely useful discipline to direct somebody else's script, but since the project was so close to my heart, I knew I'd spend all my time rewriting the script and annoying the writer. A little exhausted by my passionate arguments on this subject, Bill agreed to my writing the script.

The first version, titled *The Rapture*, was totally different from the version which now appears on screen. There are some basic ideas, such as Lockwood's struggles with the Nestene Consciousness, which remain the same in *Sentinel*, but the setting, most of the events and some of the characters are entirely different. The rewrite came when I realised that the character of Dr Sal just couldn't feature as much as I wanted her to, because actress Bryonie Pritchard had a year's contract to appear in the West End. She just wouldn't be available for long periods of time – and Bill warned me of the perils of scheduling a shoot around the scant availability of one performer. He'd done it with Colin Baker in the past and it had proved to be a logistical nightmare. He warned me, "You'll just spend all day worrying about when she's got to leave! You won't be able to think about anything else!"

After stepping away from the script for a month or two (which didn't do much for Bill's patience), I finally bit the bullet and created a new 'scientific adviser' character to work with Lockwood. In the end, it turned out to be the ideal solution. I'd always wanted Sal to be emotionally closer to Lockwood in the second one. I didn't want all that bickering. I wanted it to be clear that time had passed and that these two people had grown to like each other and work well together. I could now have this 'comfortable' base come into contact with a new character who had a somewhat antagonistic agenda. Hence, the arrival of Natasha Alexander and a whole 'conspiracy' plotline.

It's only just occurred to me that Bill hasn't credited himself as Director of Photography in *Auton 2*'s on-screen credits – but, as well as producing and later editing, that's just what he did . . . and this is at the centre of why *Auton 2* was so much more fun and angst-free than *Auton*. Suddenly, I found myself working with a cameraman who knew the script intimately, was passionately interested in storytelling and also knew that he was going to be editing the final production. That combination of factors made it possible to shoot the whole thing at seven different locations with a fairly large cast, pyrotechnics, Autons and extras in ten days. It simply wouldn't have been possible otherwise. When the cameraman is working flat-out, knows and cares what the scene is about and is always mindful about how the production is going to cut together, you can work at a tremendous rate. Basically, Bill and I began trusting each other again.

I don't, however, want to give the impression that it was plain sailing this time, although we were incredibly lucky with the weather, especially when shooting on the yacht! We were plagued by sound problems – the idyllic countryside suddenly turns into a cacophony of tractors, traffic, combine harvesters and aeroplanes the moment you shout "Action!" – and the fatigue factor is sometimes overwhelming.

I like to lead from the front and by example, so I was always the first at the location – usually posing on my deckchair, smoking a cigarette and scribbling furiously on my schedule just waiting for everyone to turn up so that I could impress them with how long I'd been waiting there. Of course, the result was that I was totally exhausted by the time we had finished shooting at 8pm (when the last drop of sunlight finally faded from the sky and we could no longer help it by shining huge beams of artificial light on the actors' faces!). Bill seemed to spend the whole shoot with the camera on his shoulder, and I shall always remember the look of desperation on his tired face when one of the soldiers quipped that a bollard was getting a tiny bit heavy for him on the third take of one shot.

But, you may be surprised to hear, the one question I never asked myself was, "Why the hell am I doing this?" Maybe it was because I didn't have time to ask that question. You don't just pose around on deckchairs, wave your arms at actors and shout "Cut!" now and then. You worry about every darn thing. Will the make-up girls hurry up? Where's the smoke machine? Are the soldiers, the reliable Gabby and his gang, about to mutiny because they've just travelled half the length of the country to get here and have slept in a car park? (Of course not, luckily.)

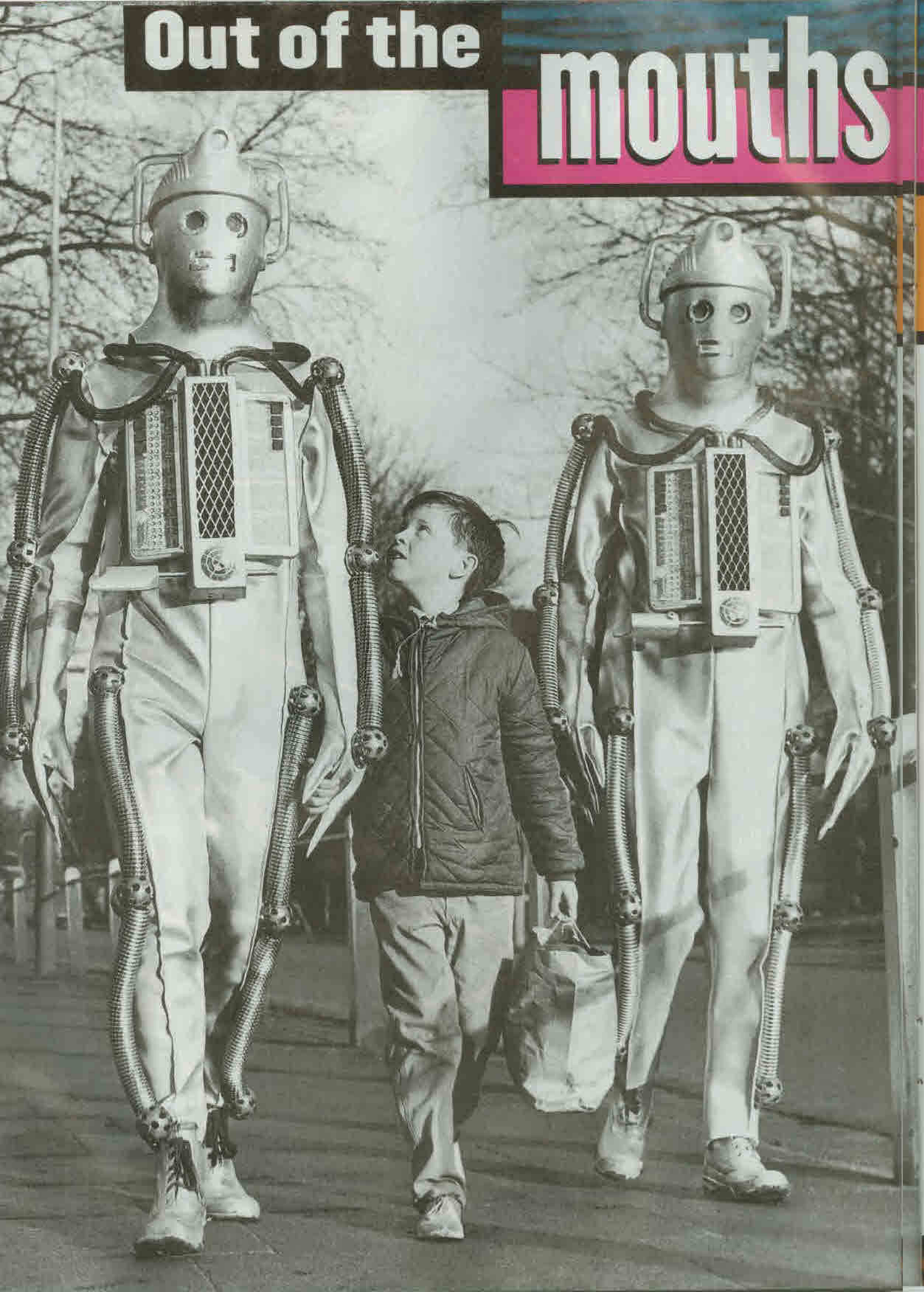
On this kind of shoot, with such a small budget, and so many people helping out for little or no money, the diplomatic abilities of a director are tested to the limit. You have to keep it light and fun for the actors (because they're all lying down in a pit of stinging nettles, jumping in and out of boats or having handfuls of dirt thrown at them), but never let it descend into anarchy.

I do these productions because I want to make films and this is the best and most satisfying way to learn which has presented itself to me so far. I'd love to make all kinds of films ranging from gritty emotional drama through to outrageous fantasy. But at the moment I'm involved with this kind of project because it's actually happening. The entertainment industry is bulging with unfulfilled dreams and promises of projects which never see the light of day. But, because Bill and I can share a passion with our audience (that's *Doctor Who*, by the way), we're in the fortunate position of having enough of a potential market for what we want to do to make it just about financially possible.

That's why we freeze to death, swelter, choke, have terrible arguments and work until we drop. For the rest of each year I try to spend my time financially and mentally recharging my batteries slogging away at something else – but I will certainly return to the land of the Autons so long as enough people enjoy the stories I want to tell. DWM

I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO ASK MYSELF THE QUESTION, "WHY ON EARTH AM I DOING THIS?"

Out of the mouths of babes . . .



Andrew Pixley continues the terrible tale of how naive youngsters of the sixties were exploited and patronised by the BBC in the name of cheap television – and gathers together the opinions of juvenile Troughton era viewers, too . . .

Hello, and welcome to another edition of Junior Points of View *– the BBC's answer to* Five o'Clock Club, *in which right-thinking children with strongly biased views are encouraged to comment on programmes made between 1963 and 1970. As you can see by the caption superimposed at the bottom of the screen, my name's Sarah Ward. Well, it is now – but in a few weeks' time, who knows? And I'm here to present your feedback on* The Man from UNCLE *and other BBC shows. But mainly* The Man from UNCLE.

For now, it's 10 March 1967. The Underwater Menace *has only just reached its conclusion, and today's question is . . .*

. . . what price *Doctor Who*? We've deliberately kept off the subject for several weeks now to give Patrick Troughton a chance to play himself in, and so give a fair idea of what you think of him. John Rogers of Doncaster is poetically blunt: "A big boo for the new Dr Who!" And from Tacye Bowen of Guildford: "I don't like the way the new Dr Who acts. I think Dougal could play it better. At least he has the right sort of hair."

Generally, I'm afraid, you haven't taken to him: "Please bring back the old Dr Who. We don't like the new one, he looks as if he might be bad and never says 'Now, now, my child'"; "As Dr Who is a programme for intellectuals, I suggest that the scriptwriter is replaced or forced to write something sensible for an actor on a great programme, too good to be wasted"; "I have nothing against the actor himself. He may be good. But he's dressed like a clown and walks like Charlie Chaplin. The idea of the pipe is idiotic and childish."

But note, it's not Patrick Troughton you don't like – it's the way he's made to play the part. Still, though few, there are some who do like the new image: "Dear Miss Ward, I just have to tell you how good the new Dr Who is. I think he's smashing with his top hat and flute"; "Hurrah for Dr Who. I think he's absolutely smashing. Much better than before. After all, most clever men have a sense of humour." He'll need it when Colin Lowe of Sedgefield pleads: "Please would you take Dr Who off and put another funny programme on." Even if it means taking up Janet Green of Croydon: "I think we should have more girls' programmes, like stories of Cinderella and such kind and better things than Dr Who."

> All these things on DR WHO are just imagination. This is not a suitable programme, please take it off. Yours sincerely, Anita Short (Miss).

Forward to 12 May, one week from the end of The Faceless Ones, *and my painfully contrived link between a letter about a man eating porridge in an episode of* St Ives *and* Doctor Who *is . . .*

Another Scottish 'dish', so to speak, has obviously caught on south of the border, in a big way. From Warrington, Sheila MacKinnon asks: "Does anybody write to you about Frazer Hines, Jamie of DOCTOR WHO. I think he's the best-looking actor on television. It's about time something was said about him. After all, he's the only thing that makes DOCTOR WHO worth watching. I know I'm not his only fan, because there are several girls in my class at school that like him, and also several boys in my brother's class." Miss Maria Bagdanevic, in fact, thinks he's "Absolutely fabulous. He is really nice-looking and I like his Glasgowish accent. I'm glad to see that the BBC are using a Scottish actor for such an important part and I congratulate them on their excellent choice."

Generally, things are looking up for the Doctor these days. Letters praising far outnumber those against, and it's now quite common to receive this sort of view from Corinna Duerden in Camberley: "We think the new DR WHO is much better than the old one. At least he has more character and lets Polly and Jamie join in. Also it's not him alone who has the ideas. He is not such an old crank as the other DR WHO."

Andrew Pasks of West Wickham is another man who's had to change his mind: "I would like to compliment the new DOCTOR WHO. For about a year DR WHO has been in a rut. Each episode and its monsters was more stupid than the last. But now we have a lively character in Dr Who's part, who adds a bit of spice to what used to be a deadly dull half hour. Well done Patrick Troughton."

The 'get it off our screens quick' kind of comment has now given way to complaints about minor slips – like this from Jane Adams of Chesham *[commenting on a scene in* The Faceless Ones *Episode 2]*: "Jamie and the Doctor were sitting on a bench in the town. As the policeman passed them both the Doctor and Jamie raised their newspapers. I quickly noticed that 'The Times' which Jamie was reading was upside down. Any normal policeman would have stopped and asked people with upside down newspapers if anyone had pass [*sic*] that was. I am very quick to notice these mistakes."

But not so quick as all those who saw the strange goings-on at Gatwick: "On DOCTOR WHO, April 29th, the commandant of Gatwick Airport, asked the RAF to follow a VC10. But the plane following the VC10 was not British, but Italian!" John Teggart of Belfast fills in the details: "The story included an RAF fighter. However, instead of showing a British fighter you showed an Italian Fiat G91 fighter. The RAF does not use Fiat G91. Despite our failings the country is still protected by British aircraft. Couldn't you have shown a Lightning instead? Another point. People in aviation rarely say 'planes'. They are called aircraft or aeroplanes." Be fair, John. The Doctor's away in the future and in outer space so much he's probably forgotten what any kind of plane looks like. Anyway, how do you think you'd be on the 167 different kinds of flying saucer!

So on we go to 16 June – four episodes into The Evil of the Daleks *– and Marjorie and Patricia Holden from Dudley, Worcestershire plead . . .*

"Please don't ever let the DOCTOR WHO scriptwriters get rid of Jamie. Everyone I know adores him. But all we know about this dishy Scot is his name! So come on, Sarah old girl. Give us some info on Frazer Hines. We'll love you forever if you do."

What an easy way to please! So many have asked the same thing, it would be madness to say no. So I've looked into Jamie's background and this is what I've managed to find . . .

Cue long biography of Frazer Hines. Forward to 11 August, during the break before Season Five, and I've changed into Gaynor Morgan-Rees . . .

Saturdays aren't the same these days. And six

I don't like the way the new Dr Who acts. I think Dougal could play it better. At least he has the right sort of hair.

year-old Matthew Pinkerton knows the reason why when he wrote to us: "Dear BBC, you are very nasty." Janice Pankin, at 12, is more direct and says simply: "Bring back DR WHO or we will kill you all. I've been watching your programme for the last two or three weeks and I was amazed to find not one person has wrote in to complain about the taking off of DOCTOR WHO. Taking off the Monkees was bad enough but Doctor Who as well is really too much."

Robin Hall of Chester feels that way too, but won't admit that all is lost: "As I am a great fan of your DR WHO programme I would like to suggest that since it has finished for the summer it would be a good idea, in my opinion to show some of the Doctor's old adventures again. These repeats could be shown under the title THE BEST OF DR WHO and I'm sure that many people including myself would be glad to be able to see any episode they missed."

Good idea. But you can't keep a man like Who down for long and I've an idea he'll be back in person long before they have to put him out at second hand. Before leaving *Doctor Who*, I must show a letter from S McCay of Bangor, Northern Ireland, who loves the series and has sent in an idea of his own. And some idea it turns out to be: "I think a trip in the TARDIS back in time to the creation would be superb. The Tardis floating about in a black void and suddenly being halted by the thunderous voice of God. I mean a great, white blinding apparition in the form of a massive giant emitting rays of power hovering in front of the Tardis. He then tells Dr Who to go no further and to watch him creating the galaxies at the command of his voice.

"Also a few angels would help. Not sickly effeminate creatures but beings such as those described in Ezekiel 1."

Well our wardrobe department might just manage the costumes for this, but it will need quite a big studio to create all those galaxies. Still, there's nothing like thinking big in showbiz . . .

It's 15 September, part-way through The Tomb of the Cybermen, *and time for a concentrated attack from three Wiltshire schoolgirls . . .*

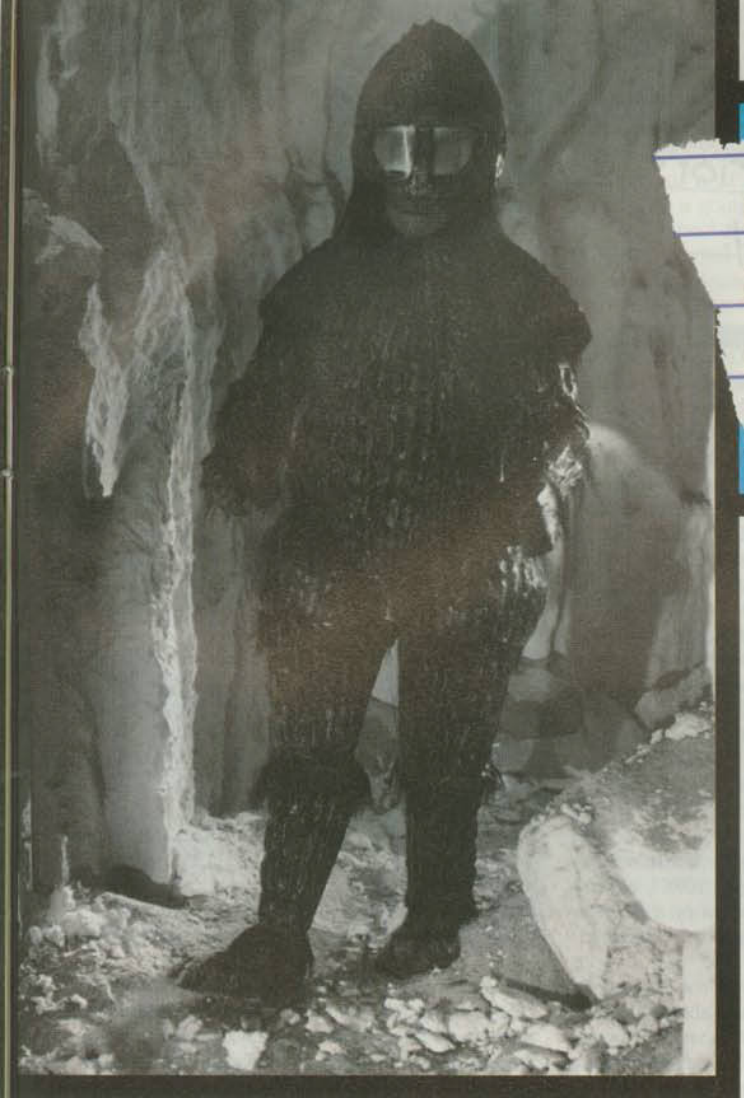
"Its disgusting, its disgraceful, stupendously stupid. Dr Who I mean with his daleks police boxes, moon monsters and goodness know what else, it's enough to drive you round the bend. What are you going to do about it. Yours faithfully Miss K McNeill"; "Older people don't want to watch it and it is stupid for the younger ones, because when they are at this age, they believe anything. All those things on DR WHO are just imagination. This is not a suitable programme, please take it off. Yours sincerely Anita Short, Miss"; "why don't you put on a decent programme. Those Daleks are a bit far fetched. So please, please, please, please get rid of Dr Who. Yours sincerely, Elain Wild (Miss)".

Perhaps we'd better get Dr Who in to defend himself sometime. The girls wrote under the eagle eye of their English mistress, Miss D Crocker, who explained that their handwriting was so poor she didn't wish to submit the letters.

Just look at the feedback defending the show I'm getting a fortnight later, on 29 September . . .

"We all enjoy it so much even our mum stops getting the tea to watch it. Simon, Sally, Julie & their mother, Mrs West"; "Please keep Dr Who on for as long as you can and please do something about it, don't just sit there – Vanessa Petch"; "I think that the two lassies who objected to Dr Who should have their minds brainwashed, Marie McGregor"; "I am furious, you did not even show a letter in favour of Dr Who, well here is one. I am very angry, cross, annoyed and filled with furry [*sic*] about those who think Dr Who a childish far fetched programme"; "Dear Gaynor, Dr Who is Dalektable – Ginny age 12."

Several girls in my class at school like him, and also several boys in my brother's class. He's the best-looking actor on television!



May I congratulate the BBC for coming up with a monster that really frightens me. I mean those silly Ice Warriors, of course.

Let's see how the final voting went. For *Doctor Who* – 278. Against *Doctor Who* – 31. And so by a substantial majority, *Doctor Who* is voted a hit!

Moving on, it's 6 October – and criticisms of the violent content of The Tomb of the Cybermen, *aired on another viewer response show,* Talkback, *on 26 September, have provoked quite a response:*

"Mothers were complaining about Dr Who making small children frightened. Well I think that mothers are potty, stupid and nuts. If they are so concerned about their children why don't they stop them watching. I think one of the mothers (no names) was making a mountain out of a molehill. My mother agrees with me. Madeleine Mackay, Abingdon."

Alan Price, age ten, thinks some parents are more squeamish than their children: "One lady criticising Dr Who said that she was disgusted when she saw the Cyberman killed by the coloured man and all the white liquid oozing out of the cyberman's body. I am sure the lady would not complain if a man was shot and he had blood oozing out of his body." And Barry of Romford has this parting shot: "The adult does not know how a child's mind works. I'm sure others agree too."

Now I've turned into Robert Robinson, the man who succeeded Robin Ray as resident smug person on Call My Bluff. *It's 8 December, four episodes into* The Ice Warriors, *and Emma Stevenson cries . . .*

"I am a mad Yeti fan. Please please send me as many yetis that you can spare, because I think they look so cuddley. And I do want something warm in bed with me. Will you?" I'm willing to spare you all the Yetis I ever come across, but as I seem to be all fresh out of them, I can't help. Scientific errors in *Doctor Who* – Steven Plunkett says: "Why has Dr Who made a fool of himself? Everybody knows that there has already been five ice ages, and he is in the second one, when man did not exist. This is the first time that the BBC have shown their lack of commonsense. Obviously, there is not a paleantologist [*sic*] among them!"

It's now 5 January 1968, two episodes into The Enemy of the World. *Howard Leader writes . . .*

"May I congratulate the BBC for coming up with a monster that really frightens me. I mean those Ice Warriors of course." But for Stephen Clarke, all the zest's gone out of it: "I was getting interested in Dr Who and those monsters when my dad said 'they spoilt it when they put up the names of the men in the monsters up'. And I never knew there was men in them then, so I was rather disappointed and I haven't had much interest in Dr Who since then."

Following some complaints about Doctor Who, *a post-Season Five backlash was spearheaded on 7 June by Josephine Rutherford of Croydon:*

"If it weren't for the Doctor we would be ruled by Cybermen and you would be out of a job." Then she breaks into verse: "So you see we can't do without him/ He saves us from everything sinister/ I think we ought to start a campaign/ To make Dr Who Prime Minister." Well, I dare say Doctor Who has got as good a claim to the job as some of the others who are after it. Sandra Kelly says: "The monsters are much nicer than Dr Who himself." And Carin Murnane of Rhyl adds: "He thinks he knows too much and gets other people to do his dirty work for him." Yes, I feel sorry for the monsters, they always lose, but Susan Davis, aged eight, of Northwood says: "No more Cybermen on Dr Who, as they frighten me to death." But it's a nice sort of frightening isn't it – you know you're as safe as houses because it's only a story. Philip Jones of Bristol isn't satisfied with Cybermen: "Why can't we have Cyberwomen." Because they're at home, minding the Cyberchildren. Marily Kinney of Belfast urges: "Please bring back the Daleks and put a bit of life into the programme."

No fear, says Gillian Candy of Southampton: "They get on my nerves. They keep on making that stupid noise." Yes, they used to speak as if they'd got a tennis racquet stuck in their throats. Janet Blades of Shaftesbury likes: "Yetties. I enjoyed their music." And far from seeming monstrous to M Fargher of Welburn: "The Yetties look cuddly things rather like large teddybears." But as far as P Clark of Scunthorpe is concerned, you can shake them all in a bag: "Daleks, Cybermen and Yeti – that's all we get on Dr Who now, with the odd fungus thrown in occasionally. We've seen enough of them already." "Its the same every week, week after week, month after month, year after year," says A Crawley of Reading, and Julie Hickson of Derby is not deceived: "They are back repeating what they did before. The people responsible are very absent minded. Elephants and children never forget."

It's now 19 July – four weeks into the repeat of The Evil of the Daleks – *and we have an anonymous command . . .*

"Writers of Dr Who please shrivel up in shame." Why? "Time Tunnel – Brilliant" [*the Irwin Allen series had begun a 13-week run on BBC1 on 9 July*]. Philip Hogg of North London agrees: "The TIME TUNNEL is in fact twice as better as Dr Who." Elaine Brandon of East London begins: "I certainly have nothing against your new programme THE TIME TUNNEL." Then comes an extravagant claim: "It cost the USA

Science test

Anthony Smyth, a highly punchable 12 year-old, had featured in a truly awful film item in the second edition of viewer response programme *Talkback* in which he attempted to dismiss *Doctor Who* as rubbish on the grounds that it is impossible to travel in time; parts of his stumbling and pretentious diatribe, involving Einstein's theory of relativity, turned up in the 1993 documentary *30 Years in the TARDIS*. However, after watching *The Ice Warriors* in December 1967, Anthony – and his ten year-old brother Patrick – were at it again, no doubt helped a bit by a rather competitive dad. At the last moment, it was decided to remove young Tony's letter from the 8 December edition:

"In regard to your new Dr Who series. The idea of the decrease of carbon dioxide (CO_2) in the earth's atmosphere is ridiculous, as the percentage of CO_2 is only .003 per cent, this would make the decrease in temperature negligible. Anyway if it did ionize, the gas would be ineffectual, for every gas molecule ionized, another would receive opposite charge, as nitrogen is approximately five times as abundant as oxygen, in most cases it would result in the formation of nitrous oxide according to the formula $5N_2 + O_2 = 2N_2O + 3N_2$".

Please bring back the Ice Warriors. I think the Krotons are silly.

Government 9 billion dollars and Dr Who costs next to nothing."

Doctor Who *comes up for discussion once more on 20 September, following the first part of* The Mind Robber . . .

"Please change the title music of Dr Who as my aunt's dog doesn't like it. He howls or ooooooooowas as if to call it. Please change the music or I don't know what I'll do." Perhaps the dog could be left in another room and allowed to listen to the wireless. Mark Dughie of Rosehearty says: "Would you please put Dr Who on longer. Would you put it on for twenty minutes more and start at 5 o'clock." Not nearly enough for Graham Ritchie, also of Rosehearty: "I think Dr Who should be on six hours a day and should be on eight days a week." But Rosalind Mander, aged eight, asks: "Don't the BBC realise some small people haven't gone to bed yet and it can keep them awake all night. Of course the monsters aren't true but the little ones think they are." And Sharon Phillips reports: "My brother sits behind the sofa with his fingers in his ears, and his eyes shut tight, scared stiff." But *Doctor Who* puzzles rather than frightens Paul Neill of Belfast: "When Dr Who started it had a very wide age group of viewers. Now the only people who can watch it and understand it are people with an A level in philosophy and an O level in science of the human mind."

Christine Anderson and Rachel Andrews of North London wrote a script for *Doctor Who*: "The Doctor is persuaded by Jamie who has discovered that Victoria is the only woman for him, to go back and find her. They discover that Victoria is engaged to another man, the Baron de Gogh, who intends to take over the world [*and who we'll humorously represent with a caption slide showing* Tomorrow's World *presenter Raymond Baxter*]." The Baron is killed, and the Doctor is engaged to Zoe. Jamie breaks the news to Victoria: "Victoria then says: 'Oh I'm sorry about Zoe'. Jamie says 'Why?', and Victoria replies 'Oh, I thought you and Zoe . . .' Blush, blush, stammer, stammer. Jamie his emotions overcoming his staid Scottish caution takes her in his arms."

On 8 November, after watching the first instalment of The Invasion – *"set in the year 1975", as had been indicated in* Radio Times *(and by the BBC's continuity announcer, apparently) – Christopher Harrison of Sunbury asks . . .*

"Could you then tell me why the Professor's daughter mentioned 'Two quid' about halfway through the serial. As I am sure we will be in decimal currency by the year 1975." You mean she should have said two new quid. "I am furious about Dr Who showing the same monsters again and again," says Stephen Humphries of the Isle of Wight, "e.g. Yettie twice, Cyber men three times not to mention the Daleks. Why can't you show some gooey-eyed, hairy, 7-legged frightening monster." I don't think it's fair to talk about David Jacobs like that . . .

And now I'll hand you over to your new presenter, Margaret Drabble. It's 22 January 1969, the week following the end of The Krotons. *News of Patrick Troughton's forthcoming departure from the series has entered the public domain . . .*

"He must not leave. But if he has to leave, please, please find someone else." "Please can't someone make him change his mind. I am sure many other children feel the same." And if you don't know who they're talking about you can't have seen this in the paper a fortnight ago. *Doctor Who* won't seem the same without Patrick Troughton. His reason for leaving is that he wants a change, but Keith Davies in Penzance hasn't given up hope. He suggests: "Couldn't you give more wages then he might remain Dr Who for a longer time." There's a sound principle at work there, but I fear Patrick Troughton is beyond temptation. And you must admit that it's a bit dull for an excellent actor like him to have to play the same part all the time. We'll just have to wait and see where he turns up next. I'm sure we'll enjoy that too.

We don't know who will be the new Doctor Who, but here's a bit of advice on the subject from the Moutrey children in Blackpool: "We would like to see Eric Porter who played Soames in the Forsyte Saga play Dr Who – we think he would be fantastic in this part as he has great talent." *Doctor Who* producer and Mr Porter please note.

So far the Daleks seem to be the favourite monsters of many of you, like Nicholas Martin: "Please bring back the Daleks because I thought they were great." But Melvyn Paddison in Braunton says he likes: "The Krotons". Tommy Woodman doesn't: "Please bring back the Ice Warriors. I think the Krotons are silly on Dr Who." Some old enemies of the Doctor's are due to reappear tomorrow [*those very Ice Warriors, in fact, in* The Seeds of Death]. Personally I hope it's the Yeti. They were far more frightening than the Daleks. I've got so used to toy Daleks running round the floor that they don't frighten me at all any more. Barbara Pawulska in Carshalton says "Put some more scarey monsters on." So she sent us this very good idea for a hairy, three-legged creature with lots of sharp claws and teeth and in his stomach a secret television with a hairy flap. He's scary enough for anybody. P Hollingworth of Hale obviously isn't fussy, but writes: "I want Dr Who on for 36 hours a day and for 365 days a week, so there." They'd need a new actor for Doctor Who twice a week at that rate!

Now it's over to Cathy McGowan, former host of Associated-Rediffusion's late lamented pop show Ready, Steady, Go. *It's 5 February, two episodes into* The Seeds of Death, *and some of you seem to think that* Doctor Who *needs livening up . . .*

"The Golden Age of Dr Who is past. You are running out of ideas. My advice is scrap Dr Who and start afresh with something completely different." Well, *Doctor Who* is the one thing that scares the wits out of me. Wish I was as brave as Kristyan Spelman of Whitley Bay who is: "Sick and tired of all the same scarey monsters. I expect lots of other children are also tired of the same monsters on the programme." And she's drawn a picture of the sort of monster she'd like to see. And we've had lots of other ideas too, and these are some – including these two from Helen Gibson who wants some funny monsters! But Meryl Shorey of Caterham isn't so disdainful about the present bunch of monsters: "Please will you make Dr Who less frightening because when it is on I have the creeps all down my back and I have horrid dreams at night."

One week later . . .

"I'm writing to tell you I have a brand new idea for Dr Who," says Sally Woolfenden of Littleborough. "On TOP OF THE POPS there is a group called The Move. In this group there is a lad who has shaggy hair and a moustache. The idea is to have lots of human werewolves like this lad in The Move who go round playing guitars and singing in tinny voices, like this lad in The Move and frighten people out of their lives. All this lad needs to have is a pair of fangs and he's right for the part."

Later on in this show I'll be speaking to Cilla Black. Then, on 26 February, I'll have to explain that when Cilla had said on this programme two weeks ago that she didn't want Doctor Who to come off, she meant that she didn't want Patrick Troughton to leave the cast. That 'Cillagate' incident had caused Dominic Magog of Northampton to write in immediately . . .

"I'm with Cilla – Dr Who must stay! Stay! Stay!" So did Andrea Harrison in Shipley: "Please keep Dr Who for Cilla. If you do I will be ever so thankful. I like Cilla, you see." Yvonne Woods in Cosby, like a lot of you, thought Cilla meant the whole programme was ending: "I do not agree with Cilla. I think that Dr Who should be taken off. I think it has been on too long." Not too long for a lot of you, though – that goes for me too, and you'll be glad to know that it's staying with us for a long time yet.

And now it's time to hand you back to Robert Robinson. It's 12 March, one week into The Space Pirates, *and N O'Brian asks . . .*

"On your next programme please could you tell us who is going to be the person to take over from Dr Who." No idea. I don't think anyone's decided yet. But there are a few suggestions: "How about Brian Rix"; "I fancy Rolf Harris for the new Dr Who, he looks rather like a Professor, he would be fun"; "How about John Le Mesurier? I am a fan of DAD'S ARMY and think he would fit the part absolutely"; "Marty Feldman"; "I choose actor Peter Cushing"; "I think Dick Emery would be good as Dr Who, he is so fantastic." And while they're tinkering about with the thing, Rona Vincent of Bridlington proposes: "Girl Ice Warriors or Girl Yetis, because I'm quite sure that Zoe is getting a bit sick of seeing men monsters."

It's now 16 January 1970, halfway through Spearhead From Space, *Jon Pertwee's debut outing as the Doctor . . .*

"You had to bring back Dr Who, and for your information it is a load of rubbish", Kate Walters of Chelsea writes, and Josephine Heathcore of Tamworth goes so far as to say that poor old *Who* "is as silly as Hector's House". Refining the insult a little, a viewer from Newton Longville urges "send Dr Who back to the British Museum" – and Edwin P Kilby of Nottingham, also thinking how he can put an edge on the criticism, says "I can see that I'll just have to switch off rather than waste the electricity," adding "and I'm sure I'm not the only person who thinks like this."

Well, Sharon Holmes of Kirknewton thinks the programme "Not very realistic", though Anita Webb of Bradwell finds it gives her "the creeps every night" – and I think she means that as a compliment. Plain-speaking Anna Martin of Southport announces "I am glad Dr Who has come back", and Timothy Prior wants to know: "Why isn't DOCTOR WHO on for forty minutes and not 25 instead of the rotten DEBBIE REYNOLDS SHOW?" Clare MacEwan notes that: "Dr Who always looks so wise, yet he is not wise at all." Isn't that part of the joke? William Harper of Newbury disapproves "of Dr Who appearing with white hair. Change it to black as soon as possible."

And on to 9 February, two episodes into Doctor Who and the Silurians – *when John Perrin of Queensferry, responding to those who don't like* Doctor Who, *says . . .*

"I have stood for all I can possibly stand for. They won't give Dr Who a chance." No, and they still won't. For instance, Laurence Hanser of Chipstead complains "They have called it THE SILURIANS" – and he goes on to correct them: "The Silurian period was when the only air-breathing animals were scorpions and spiders. Anything like the monster you showed did not evolve until the Triassic and Jurassic periods, dying out in the Cretaceous period." Good stuff, that's real hard currency. Paul Gardner of Camberley wondered: "Why was the soup dragon on DR WHO"?

. . . a reference to the Tyrannosaurus beneath Wenley Moor, presumably. There is further interest in the Silurians; on 3 April, in the 'Question Time' part of the show, Sally Thomsett (yes, the one whose bum featured so prominently in the opening titles for Man About the House*), has to demonstrate how the 'eye' of a Silurian head flashes on and off. By 29 May, the week following* Inferno *Episode 3, Carl Major of Totland Bay is writing to . . .*

". . . congratulate the BBC on presenting Dr Who as an earth bound character and not an eccentric dimensional traveller." But Kenneth Davison of Wallsend thinks: "Dr Who would be better in time and space again. He isn't the same on earth." Someone else writes: "I do not like the new Doctor Who at all. He is just like the one before with his hair dyed." Well even that's throwing the frontiers of entertainment back, in such a long running old cliché. Sarah Taylor of Gossips Green asks: "Please will you tell Jon Pertwee that he must wear something different, because he always wears his best suit." All his suits look like best suits. Susan Giddings of Carterton says what others have often said: "Please take it off. It is too scary. Every time me and my sister run behind the couch." But if they do it every time, it means they watch it every time, so they must like being scared. Catherine Littlewood of Harrogate thinks: "The only thing nice about it is when it is over." And a piece of withering cynicism from Anne Wise of Wallington: "It is only a man dressed up." But of course, in his best clothes . . .

Anyway, that looks like it's the end of the series, and an escape from children's television for me. So, in future, if you have any comments on present BBC programmes, please don't send them to this address . . .

Junior Points of View
BBC Television Centre
London W12. TWM

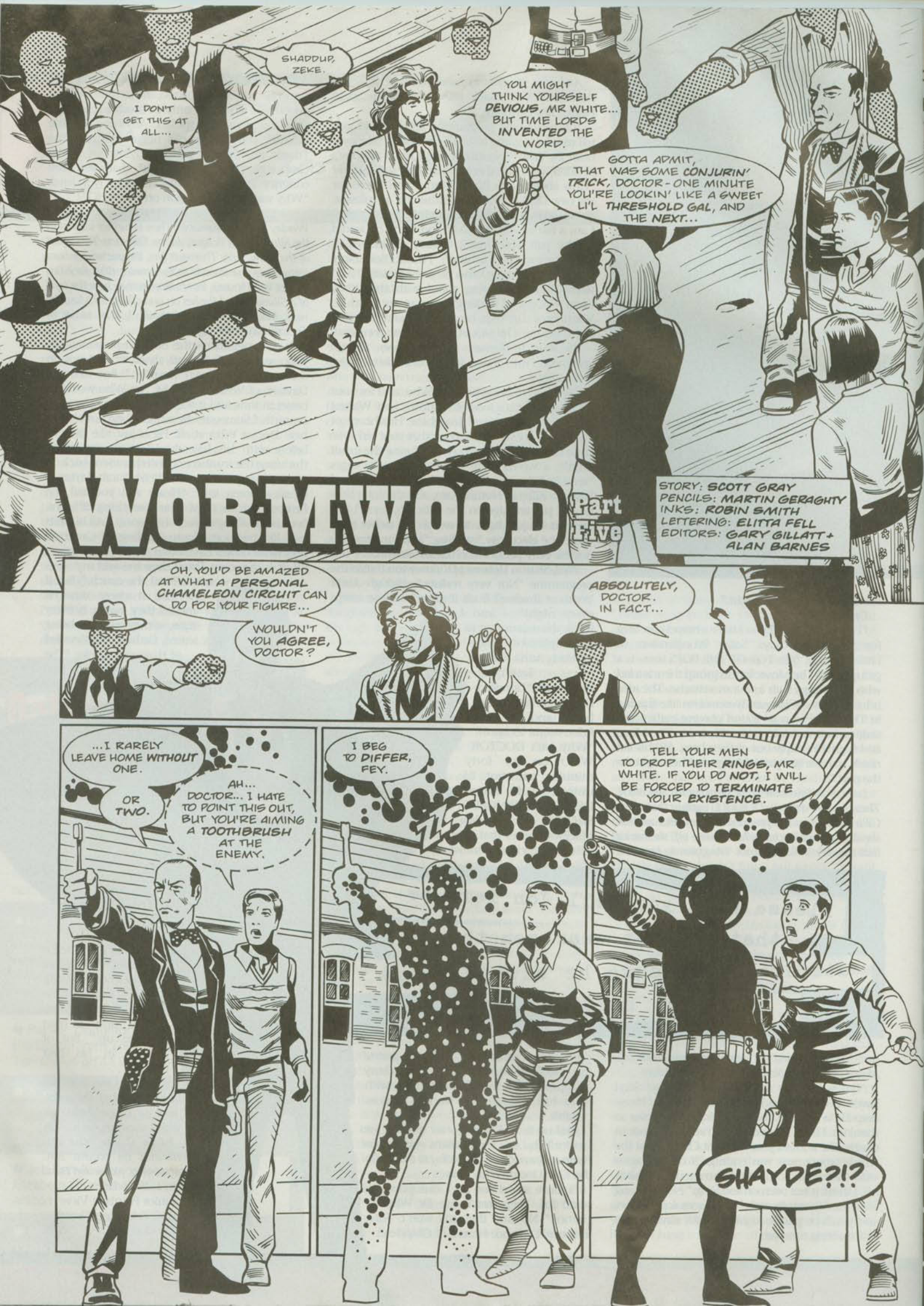
Please will you tell Jon Pertwee that he must wear something different, because he always wears his best suit

Dalek cutaways

Other *Doctor Who* items in *Junior Points of View* over this period included:

- The request "Please, please tell my nanny to stop laying the table when Dr Who is on because she is always in front of the television set" on 18 January 1968

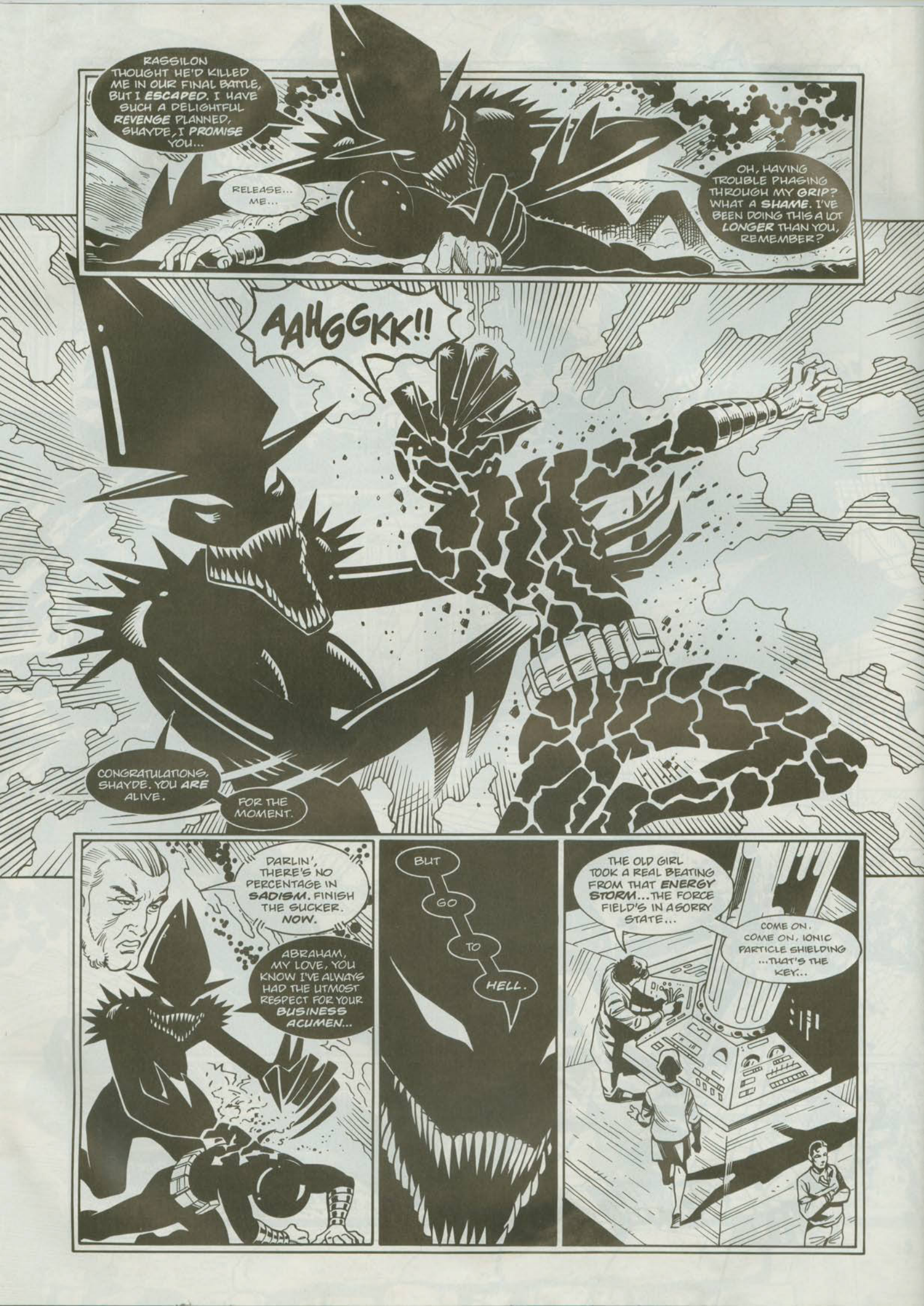
- Deborah Watling being interviewed and reading out viewers' letters alongside her sister Dilys on the 3 May 1968 edition
- Patrick Troughton's closing scene as the Doctor from *The War Games* Episode Ten shown on 11 July 1969
- A letter praising *Star Trek* on the 23 July 1969 edition, which claimed: "Some of the episodes are really horrifying, not like the diluted horror shown in Dr Who"
- Jon Pertwee being interviewed by Elizabeth Dear for the 2 January 1970 edition
- More Intra-series rivalry on 16 January 1970, with the threat that "An army of furious Star Trek fans will march and destroy anything to do with Dr Who"


I DON'T GET THIS AT ALL...
SHADDUP, ZEKE.
YOU MIGHT THINK YOURSELF DEVIOUS, MR WHITE... BUT TIME LORDS INVENTED THE WORD.
GOTTA ADMIT, THAT WAS SOME CONJURIN' TRICK, DOCTOR - ONE MINUTE YOU'RE LOOKIN' LIKE A SWEET LI'L THRESHOLD GAL, AND THE NEXT...
WORMWOOD
Part Five
STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES
OH, YOU'D BE AMAZED AT WHAT A PERSONAL CHAMELEON CIRCUIT CAN DO FOR YOUR FIGURE...
WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, DOCTOR?
ABSOLUTELY, DOCTOR. IN FACT...
...I RARELY LEAVE HOME WITHOUT ONE.
OR TWO.
AH... DOCTOR... I HATE TO POINT THIS OUT, BUT YOU'RE AIMING A TOOTHBRUSH AT THE ENEMY.
I BEG TO DIFFER, FEY.
ZZSSWORP!
TELL YOUR MEN TO DROP THEIR RINGS, MR WHITE. IF YOU DO NOT, I WILL BE FORCED TO TERMINATE YOUR EXISTENCE.
SHAYDE?!?

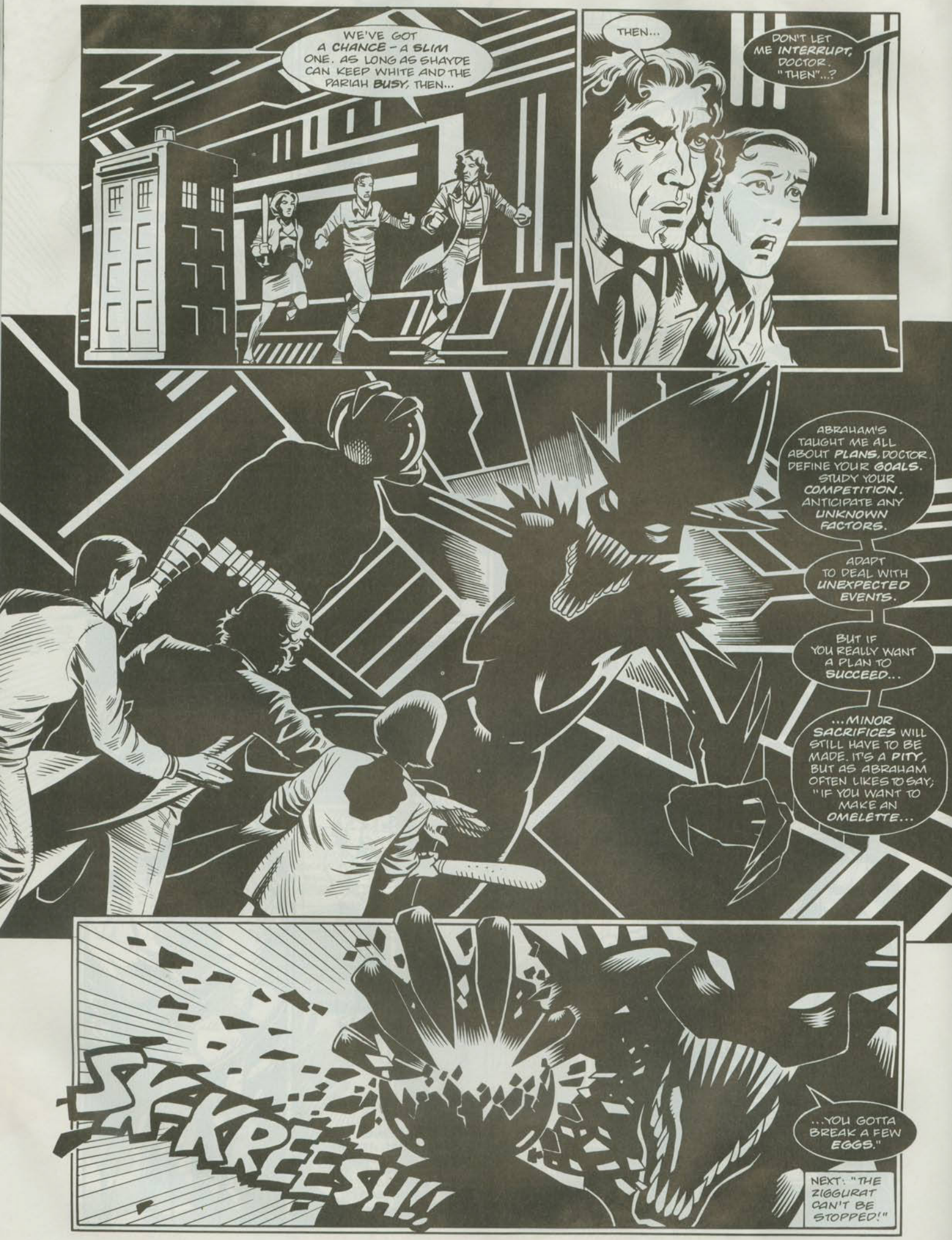
HAH! NOW THIS BRINGS BACK A FEW MEMORIES - A GEN-YOU-WINE MEXICAN STAND-OFF!
ALLOW THE DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS TO DEPART.
WISH I COULD OBLIGE, SON, BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE SHOWN YOUR TRUE COLOURS...
...I KINDA THINK THE LITTLE WOMAN WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU.
YOU KNOW ME SO WELL, MY LOVE!
ZZZSSSHHH
DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU, SHAYDE!
NO WONDER YOU SEEMED SO FAMILIAR! YOU'RE MY SUCCESSOR!
THINK FAST, PILGRIM!
YIKES!
UNNGH!
ZNAKK!
SORRY, THE PCC SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE UNSTABLE - OR IS THAT PAINFULLY OBVIOUS?
FEY! IZZY! WE'RE LEAVING!
BUT-
NO ARGUMENTS! GET MOVING!
ZZAKK!

SO YOU'RE THE DOCTOR'S SERVANT NOW, SHAYDE? RASSILON WON'T BE PLEASED...
KREESSH!
THE DOCTOR IS MY ALLY AND MY FRIEND. AND I HAVE A DUTY TO STOP YOU...
YOU WON'T DO IT BY RUNNING AWAY, SHAYDE. DON'T BOTHER PHASING...
THERE'S NOWHERE YOU CAN GO THAT I CAN'T FOLLOW...
HOW DARE YOU?! SHAYDE'S ONE OF US, AND YOU LEFT HIM WITH THAT MONSTER LIKE HE WAS JUST SO MUCH CANNON FODDER!
FEY, THE THRESHOLD HAVE TAMPERED WITH THE STRUCTURE OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE! WE HAVE NEVER BEEN SO CLOSE TO TOTAL EXTINCTION!
SHAYDE UNDERSTANDS HOW HIGH THE STAKES ARE. HE'S BUYING US TIME...
HOW DID YOU COPY THE DOCTOR SO WELL, SHAYDE? A PERSONA IMPRINT PULLED FROM THE MATRIX?
YOU COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN SUCH A FINE PERFORMANCE UNAIDED. YOU'RE A HOLLOW CREATURE, AREN'T YOU?
WE'RE CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH. I WAS JUST LIKE YOU ONCE: FACELESS, SHAPELESS, DREAMLESS... NO WILL, NO IDENTITY...
PERHAPS I AM MERELY CONTENT TO BE WHAT I AM...
YOU'RE A WIND-UP TOY, SHAYDE. A CHEAP COPY OF ME.

BUT THE DAY CAME WHEN I REALISED I WAS ACTUALLY ALIVE. THE DAY I FIRST FELT PAIN.
I LEARNED TO BREATHE. I GAINED AMBITION.
I REBELLED.
RASSILON DIDN'T LIKE THAT...
THWAM!
...AND HE LIKED ME EVEN LESS AFTER I SLAUGHTERED A FEW THOUSAND TIME LORDS.
THUB! THUB! THUB!
PSYCHIC BULLETS? ARE THEY STILL USING THOSE ON GALLIFREY? HOW PASSÉ!
WITHOUT YOUR MASTERS' WILL-POWER TO BACK THEM UP, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE THROWING PAPER DARTS.
SKKSIKROW!!!
HEY! EASY ON THE ANTIQUES, HONEY!
QUIET, DEAR, I'M WORKING.


RASSILON THOUGHT HE'D KILLED ME IN OUR FINAL BATTLE, BUT I ESCAPED. I HAVE SUCH A DELIGHTFUL REVENGE PLANNED, SHAYDE, I PROMISE YOU...
RELEASE... ME...
OH, HAVING TROUBLE PHASING THROUGH MY GRIP? WHAT A SHAME. I'VE BEEN DOING THIS A LOT LONGER THAN YOU, REMEMBER?
AAHGGKK!!
CONGRATULATIONS, SHAYDE. YOU ARE ALIVE.
FOR THE MOMENT.
DARLIN', THERE'S NO PERCENTAGE IN SADISM. FINISH THE SUCKER. NOW.
ABRAHAM, MY LOVE, YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS HAD THE UTMOST RESPECT FOR YOUR BUSINESS ACUMEN...
BUT
GO
TO
HELL.
THE OLD GIRL TOOK A REAL BEATING FROM THAT ENERGY STORM... THE FORCE FIELD'S IN A SORRY STATE...
COME ON. COME ON, IONIC PARTICLE SHIELDING ...THAT'S THE KEY...

I KNEW HE WASN'T YOU. DEEP DOWN, I KNEW.
I'M SORRY I COULDN'T LET YOU KNOW THE TRUTH.
ENOUGH, DOCTOR, I WANT SOME ANSWERS! WHY DID YOU AND SHAYDE STAGE SUCH AN ELABORATE DECEPTION?
I KNEW SOMEONE WAS MANIPULATING YOU, FEY. IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO DEDUCE WHOM.
REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE ON GALLIFREY? WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD USED THE TARDIS MANUAL TO GET US THERE?*
YES...
LOOK AT THE MANUAL NOW.
*SEE DWM 263.
I'LL BE DAMNED.
THE THRESHOLD WERE USING THAT IMPLANT IN YOUR MIND TO TRANSLATE IT FOR YOU. A SLIGHT SLIP, BUT IT RAISED MY SUSPICIONS...
... AND SHAYDE CONFIRMED THEM. WE DECIDED TO GIVE THE THRESHOLD PRECISELY WHAT THEY WANTED: A VULNERABLE DOCTOR, NEWLY REGENERATED. SOMEONE WHO WOULDN'T GIVE THEM ANY TROUBLE...
SOMEONE WHO MIGHT MAKE THEM RELAX THEIR GUARD A LITTLE.
"I STAYED INSIDE THE TARDIS WHILE SHAYDE PILOTED THE WATCHTOWER BACK TO THE PRESENT. THE TRAUMA IT CAUSED GAVE HIM THE PERFECT EXCUSE FOR THE 'REGENERATION'..."*
*SEE DWM 265.
SHAYDE'S MASQUERADE GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE THE TARDIS AND, COURTESY OF THE PCC HE LENT ME, GO FOR A STROLL AROUND WORMWOOD AS 'GRACIE'.
HERE, IZZY, YOU'LL NEED THIS.
A BASEBALL BAT? WHAT, ARE WE GOING TO CHALLENGE THE THRESHOLD TO A GAME OF ROUNDERS?
THAT'S PLAN B. I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND.


WE'VE GOT A CHANCE – A SLIM ONE. AS LONG AS SHAYDE CAN KEEP WHITE AND THE PARIAH BUSY, THEN...
THEN...
DON'T LET ME INTERRUPT, DOCTOR. "THEN"...?
ABRAHAM'S TAUGHT ME ALL ABOUT PLANS, DOCTOR. DEFINE YOUR GOALS. STUDY YOUR COMPETITION. ANTICIPATE ANY UNKNOWN FACTORS.
ADAPT TO DEAL WITH UNEXPECTED EVENTS.
BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT A PLAN TO SUCCEED...
...MINOR SACRIFICES WILL STILL HAVE TO BE MADE. IT'S A PITY, BUT AS ABRAHAM OFTEN LIKES TO SAY; "IF YOU WANT TO MAKE AN OMELETTE...
SKKREESH!!
...YOU GOTTA BREAK A FEW EGGS."
NEXT: "THE ZIGGURAT CAN'T BE STOPPED!"

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A run for the money

When Ken Grieve took on directing 1979's *Destiny of the Daleks*, he wasn't to know that he'd be expected to mount an adventure spectacular on a budget that'd only stretch to three of the eponymous monsters. "At the time we were almost hysterical!" he tells Peter Griffiths . . .

"I'm Scottish, university-trained, and intended to become an academic and lecture in philosophy before I decided to go into film and became a cameraman instead. I worked on camera for a number of years, learning my trade. I then made my own film, and the company I was working for as a cameraman allowed me to do some directing. I went freelance from there and made a lot of documentaries – *World in Action*, that sort of thing – as well as working on drama series like *Coronation Street*. I'd been freelance for a couple of years when I did *Doctor Who*, and I'd been in the industry overall since 1968. Yes, I'm an old man, having started out in the days of black and white, but I'm not ashamed of that!"

Ken Grieve is one of the UK's busiest drama directors. Recent work includes episodes of glossy film series such as *Bugs*, *Cadfael* and *Kavanagh QC*, but it was to discuss the 1979 *Doctor Who* story *Destiny of the Daleks*, his sole contribution to the series, that **DWM** descended on Notting Hill Gate to enjoy great numbers of cappuccinos and memories of wobbly Dalek halves.

Unlike many of his *Doctor Who* contemporaries, Ken had not previously worked with the producer or script editor. He was asked to direct for the series after his agent submitted his CV. "I'd done a couple of jobs for the BBC, including a *Play For Today*, and I had done a fair bit of action/adventure stuff. *Doctor Who* always sought out people with that sort of experience. Having worked on camera, I also knew the technical side of things quite well, something which makes a real difference to organisation. Most of the other directors were BBC staff people, but as long as you got on with the cast and crew and worked as an ensemble player, you were fine."

As with many other parents over the years, Ken found his latest job gained him kudos with his children. "I'm a married man with four kids, all grown up now, but they never thought I had a proper job until I was offered *Doctor Who*. They were very pleased, feeling able to hold their heads up high at school as I was the only father with such an exciting job!"

The kids must have been doubly excited when they discovered the 'job' involved the return of the Daleks, no less. Their father, however, was not so sure about helping to shape *Destiny of the Daleks*. "I loved the guys who operated the Daleks, but the casings themselves were a problem. We had to blow them up, but there

"You could see the dummy Daleks catching the wind, with these little feet underneath!"

"I liked Lalla Ward. She was so English, and loved the freedom of hiding behind Tom"

were only three of the bloody things and we had no money to make new ones. Ken Ledsham was the designer, and a hoot of a man. He suggested getting vacuum-formed plastic shells cast off the originals, but we could only afford to do one side of them, so they always had to move left to right on screen! My God, they were like kites, they had frames. You could see them catching in the wind when we stuck them against the skyline, with these little feet bobbing along underneath!" Ken convulses with laughter at this point, obviously replaying the sequence in his mind's eye. "It's not funny at all, but at the time we were almost hysterical!"

These dubious moments were unavoidable given the budget and time constraints under which *Doctor Who* laboured, but Ken was keen to stress the dedication of the people who worked on the series. "It was an ensemble piece, and the whole nature of these things is to have good fun. I've been doing this sort of drama for a long time, and it is a truth that you have to enjoy doing it. I know the special effects on *Destiny* must look amateur now, but the technicians, and indeed all of us, had such a desire to make things work. The sequence where the spaceship lands in the sand, for example, took ages to shoot. What would be half a morning of CSO work today was then a major live action model piece at the Acton facilities.

"*Doctor Who* was an example of the skill base the BBC used to have. People spent their whole lives doing these things, wonderful people who I am very glad to have known and worked with. They're all gone now, and it's such a shame. I'm not just being nostalgic, either. Now the Corporation has to pay to hire these things in, and it's much more expensive."

During our conversation, Ken acknowledged a number of times that his memories of *Doctor Who* mainly concerned the people he worked with, some of whom became friends, rather than particular instances of the filming process. The three main team members were producer Graham Williams, script editor Douglas Adams and the Doctor, Tom Baker. "Graham was quite an interesting man. I liked him a lot, and we got on quite well, but he was slightly distressed, very tense. He liked the show and the character, but I think he was quite frightened of Tom. And Tom could be quite an intimidating person. He could stitch up anybody!"

When we were organising this interview over the phone, Ken made a throwaway comment that it was very easy to be 'indiscreet' about Tom. "That's because he took the character very seriously. The thing about this type of show is that everybody must believe totally in what you're doing, that the sandpit is a lunar landscape. Where it starts falling apart and becoming unbelievable is when actors start pretending it's a joke. Tom would never allow that, being a great leader of actors. He would tell off any actor who was out of order. He'd say, 'You may think this is a joke, but it's what I do for a living.' Pertwee was like that as well. The good ones were utterly serious about it. Tom spent an enormous amount of time tending to the fans and his public, and I've always admired him for that.

"Tom was also a consummate professional. He was word perfect and totally familiar with the scene he was about to do. He would help inexperienced actors, was spot on with his marks, knew his lenses. He'd thought through his character progression for the story and the scene. He never threw a wobbly on the set. He knew the whole technique of making *Doctor Who*. There was never any delay because of him, though because he knew the business so well himself, he would pick up when someone else didn't. You would

BBC Video [3]

get 50 per cent more work out of a day because you weren't hanging around waiting for the leading players to get their act together.

"We had read similar books – he was a voracious reader – so we were also able to talk on that level. In rehearsals, his range really showed – his references were always so stimulating. A lot of people are really quite dull, but you never had a dull moment with Tom. We get on like a house on fire. Or perhaps I should say I got on very well with him. I don't know what he thought of me, but he's always remembered me, or rather my beard, since!

"I liked Lalla Ward [Romana] as well. She and Tom were living together when I worked with them, as much as anybody lived with Tom. They were so funny as a couple, and they got on famously. They were complete opposites – Tom was a pure anarchist, and she was a figure of the establishment, being the daughter of whoever she was the daughter of [Viscount Bangor]! She was so English, and she loved the freedom of hiding behind him. He could be outrageous, but was also incredibly sophisticated. They would throw these exquisite dinner parties at Lalla's house which Tom would conduct. Lalla would talk about her flower paintings. I've seen some of her illustrations, and she is very clever. She gave up the business, didn't she? I don't know what's happened to her."

After being reassured that Lalla Ward was alive and well and living in Oxford, Ken's recollections turned to Douglas Adams, with whom he formed a close friendship for some years. They even talked of working on the television version of *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* together, but the swings and roundabouts of television intervened – and, when it was finally recorded 18 months later, Ken was unavailable.

"After *Doctor Who*, I squatted with Douglas for a bit at his flat in Islington. We used to go to Paris for dinner – at one point during the pre-production of *Destiny* we just jumped on a plane and went! He was a lot younger than I was, but such a wonderful and consistently funny person. He was always going along to science fiction conventions in Nebraska and so forth, and being such a good public speaker, he would always handle the public on location, or tours coming around the *Doctor Who* studio, so skillfully. I really liked him, and got a lot from him. Anything that Graham Williams did was due to Douglas' ability to tell a story, in my opinion, even though he was still learning his television craft. Graham couldn't write for toffee!"

Other friends and contemporaries were people like Stephen Fry and Rowan Atkinson, and Adams carried that Cambridge legacy into the series. "The back-story to programmes like *Doctor Who*, the Cambridge Footlights background of that period, is always fascinating. It percolated into the atmosphere of the series." One particular college friend was Antony Root, a trainee production assistant on *Destiny of the Daleks*, and later caretaker script editor for the early part of Peter Davison's first season. "Antony and Douglas were very good buddies. He was a nice bloke, and a sharp operator, very hard working. I had a feeling he was going to move up the tree very quickly."

Ken found the cast for his story in slightly different areas than usual. "There was a wonderful bloke who was stone deaf, Tim Barlow. He runs a theatre company for deaf people, actually. He was a tall, cadaverous-looking man, perfect for the character of Tyssan. He had damaged his ears in the army, but he could lip-read, so it didn't cause problems at all."

One name the press homed in on was Suzanne Danielle's. "Suzanne was a model who lived with Patrick Mower, who was a star. She couldn't act for toffee, but the Movellans, the silver-haired people, didn't require great ability – it was comic book stuff. She was incredibly beautiful, and if people have enough bottle to carry off a part, they're fine. As her Commander I cast a wonderful black song-and-dance man, Peter Straker, who at the time was playing in the musical *Tommy*. He had also never

"Suzanne Danielle couldn't act for toffee, but she had the bottle to carry off the part"

Dread reckoning

One of *Destiny of the Daleks*' most distinctive aspects was the Movellans, the Daleks' white-suited android equals. Their design was very much a product of the period, as Ken explained. "There were two sources of inspiration. People like Elaine Delmar were very popular singers at the time. She had plaited dreadlocks, which back then were quite new but had become a fashion. I'd also seen a photograph of a Masai woman which a friend of mine who worked on *Disappearing World* took in Africa. She had a profile very like [*Destiny* guest artist] Peter Straker's, with plaited black hair. The make-up designer took these ideas on board and suggested we make the robots silver rather than black, and June Hudson, the costume lady, had these stretch costumes made up to complete the look."

"A lot of people are really quite dull, but you never had a dull moment with Tom. We got on like a house on fire!"

acted before, but he was beautiful. He's a handsome man now, but he was just so attractive and unusual when he was young, with very exotic eyes. He would entertain us in the evening as well, leading the singing in the bar. These type of people gave energy to *Doctor Who*."

Destiny of the Daleks was allocated a large slice of location filming, something which pleased the director. "The film stock back then was very slow, with all the incumbent problems, but we shot in a nice part of the south of England – near Windbourne I think – and had a good time socially. We had quite a lot of extras running around having a fight in the sandpit, so we had great fun leaving tripod marks in the sand all over the place. There was a wonderful old quarry near the sea where the TARDIS landed, and our zombies there had chalk thrown all over them, so we all ended up covered in dust.

"Good grief, zombie workers, Movellans, Daleks, it's all coming back to me! We used Steadicam, a very smooth form of hand-held camera, for the first time at the BBC. It was enormously heavy, and the operator kept getting stuck in the sand. There were only three in the country back then, so I don't know how we secured one for *Doctor Who*!"

The studio work, on the other hand, was more of a grind. "The four studio cameras were fairly antiquated and drifted out of register all the time. Because of the style of studio shooting, it was also very difficult to light anything dramatically. It looked very like a soap opera, so we dotted lights on stands all around the place. It was the beginning of halogen lighting, so they looked quite futuristic. I seem to remember dropping pillars on people, and didn't a Dalek crash through some black sugar glass? We made all these corridors out of black plastic. It was all very cheap, of course, but the characters and the stories were the essence of it. The episodes were played with such energy and panache. I watched the recent Paul McGann telemovie, but I have to say it lacked some innocence and charm because of the spectacular set. The characters seemed secondary to the special effects, which were laughable in the old days."

The editing completed, Ken moved on to pastures new, having given *Doctor Who* his best shot. "You generally only have one go at something like *Who*. You take on a series, you do it, and that's it, you've given your version. It's not great art, it's entertainment, so there is a limit to what a director can bring to it without repeating himself. John Nathan-Turner took over as producer as well. He was a classic BBC type, whereas I wasn't, so I didn't consider being invited back. I was busy on other things anyway." *Bergerac*, *The Brothers* and a lengthy series for Granada called *Game, Set and Match* were those other things. "I also worked on documentaries for American companies and for Janet Street-Porter when she was at London Weekend Television."

Ken was intrigued to discover that *Destiny of the Daleks* had been issued by the BBC on video. "It must look so old-fashioned now. You would feel cheated by today's standards, but for people like me, and all the various crew, *Doctor Who* was a good learning exercise. It was not major drama output, so the BBC would take risks on the series, allowing you to try ideas which would never be allowed on more prestigious projects.

"We all seemed to laugh a lot. Tom was such good fun and so energetic, and the success of these things depends on the energy people put in. We knew what we were doing, and there were always ideas floating about. Tom was always responsive to new ideas, and I was experienced enough to know which way to go. We had a good time, Tom, Douglas, Ken Ledsham and I, figuring out what we were going to do in that damn sandpit." DWM

BBC Video [2]

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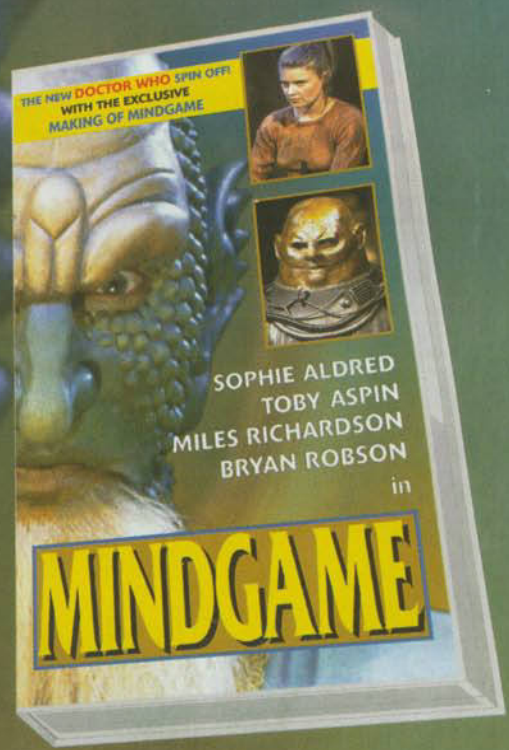

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